

# FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

Sophisticated Humor For Those With Icy-Cool Taste!





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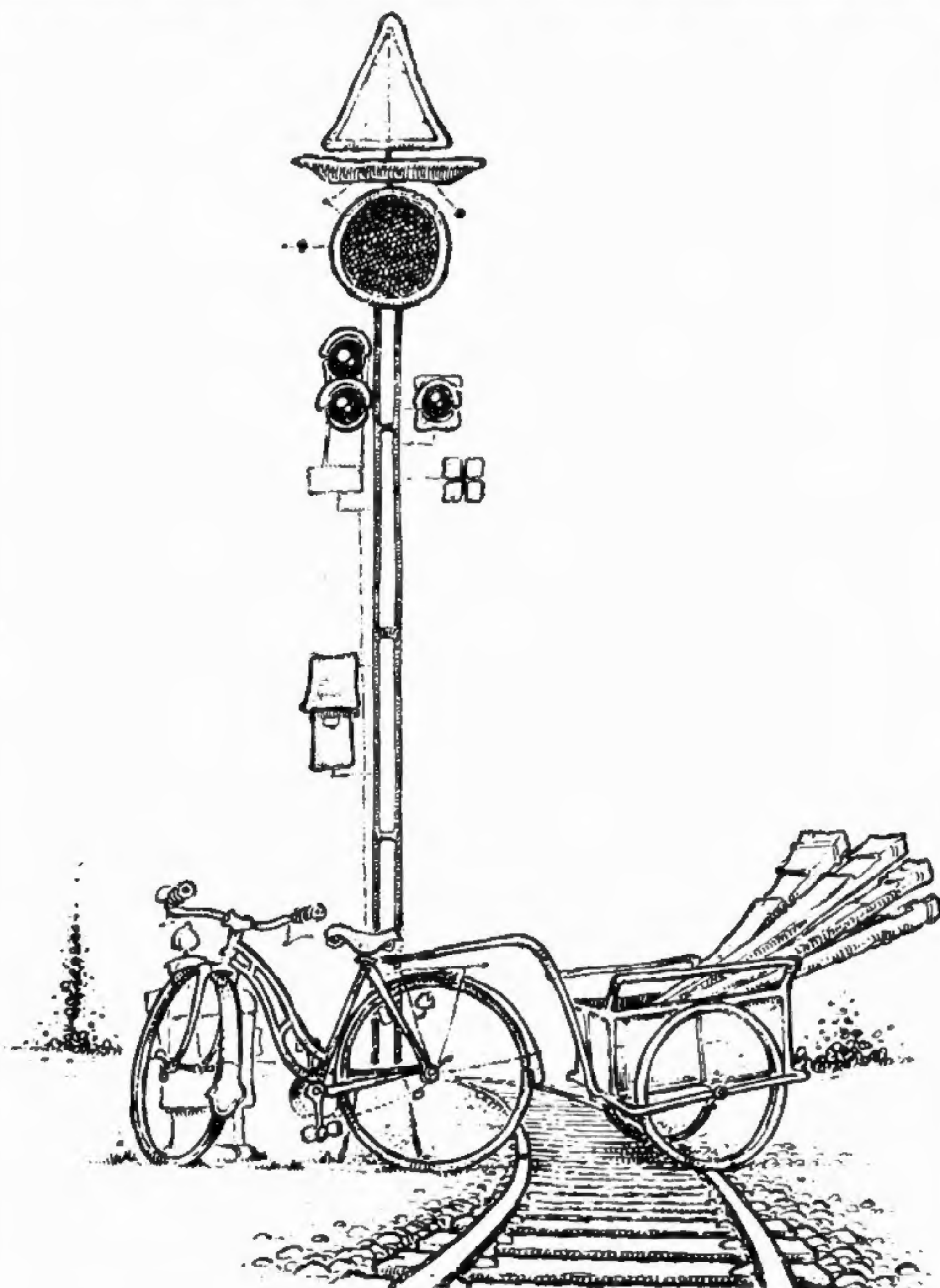
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## APPEARANCES

**OCTOBER 2-4**  
SAN ANTONIO  
FANTASY FAIR  
(Brad Foster, Scott Shaw  
and Don Dougherty)

**OCTOBER 2nd**  
ANDROMEDA BOOK SHOP  
Santa Barbara, CA  
(Deni Loubert, Trina Robbins)  
"Independent Comics Day!"

**NOVEMBER 27-29th**  
DALLAS FANTASY FAIR  
(Brad Foster)

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## DISTRIBUTORS

Bud Plant  
Diamond Comics  
Comics Unltd. Ltd  
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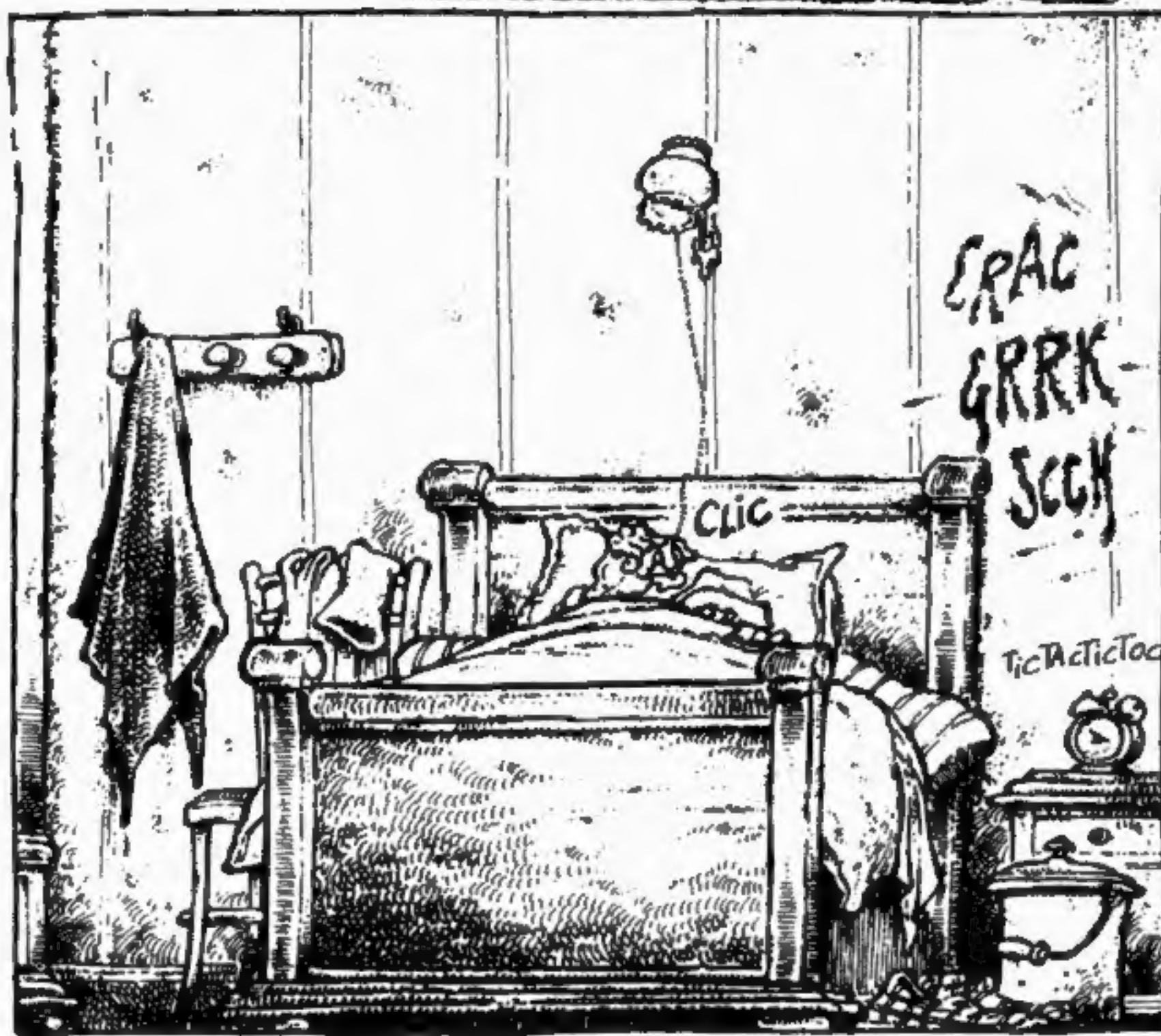
## FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

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# CARMEN CRU. Three A.M.



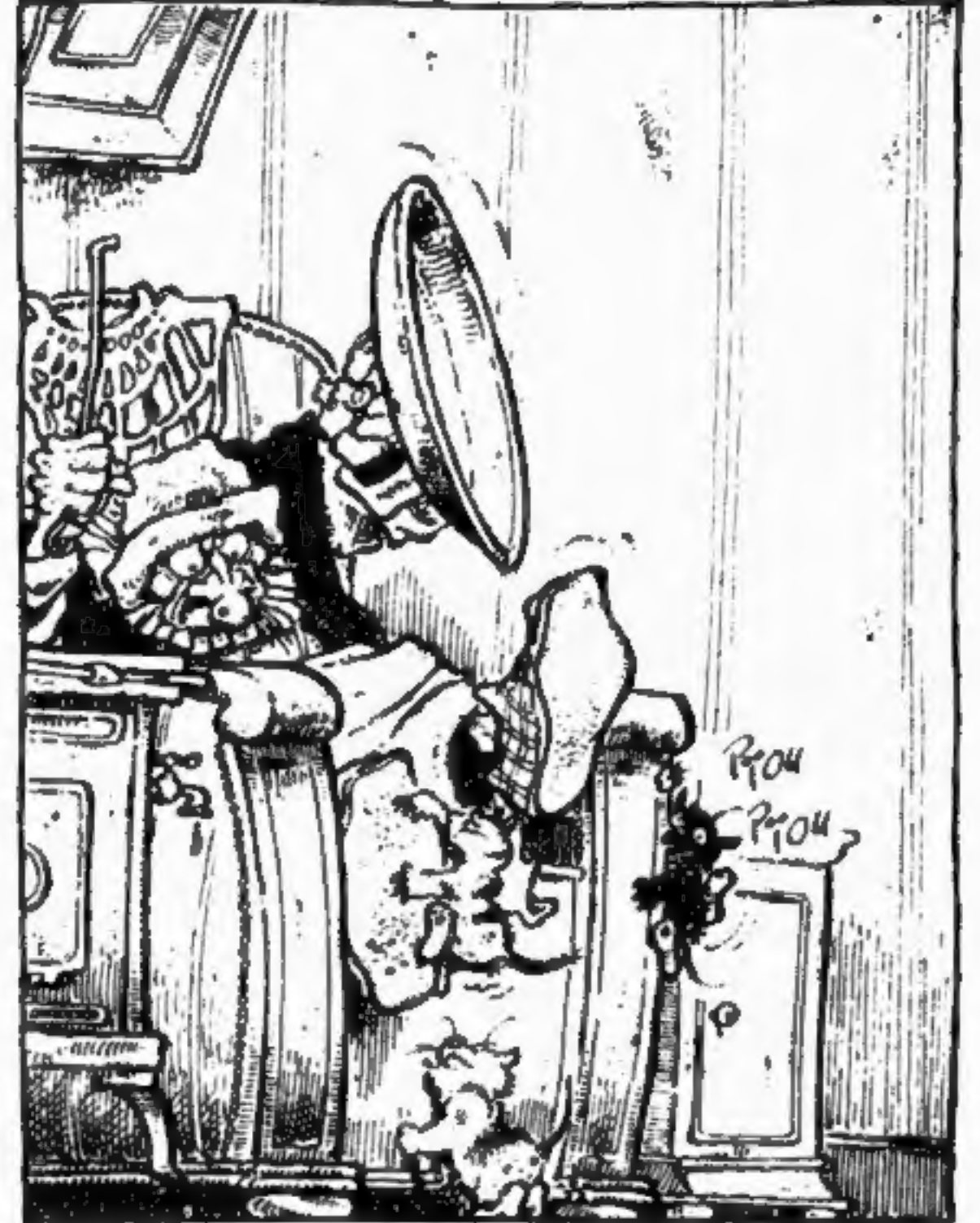
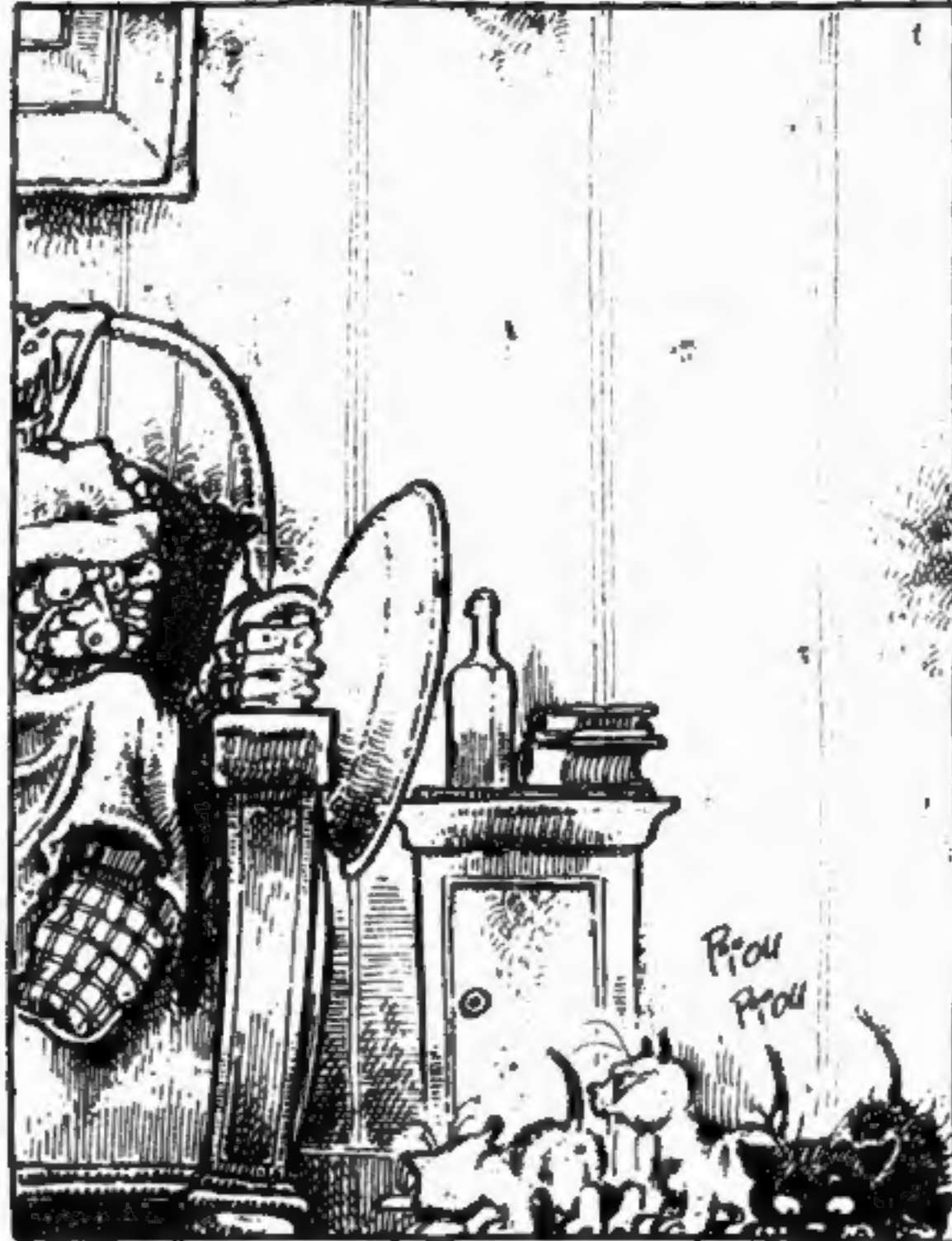


















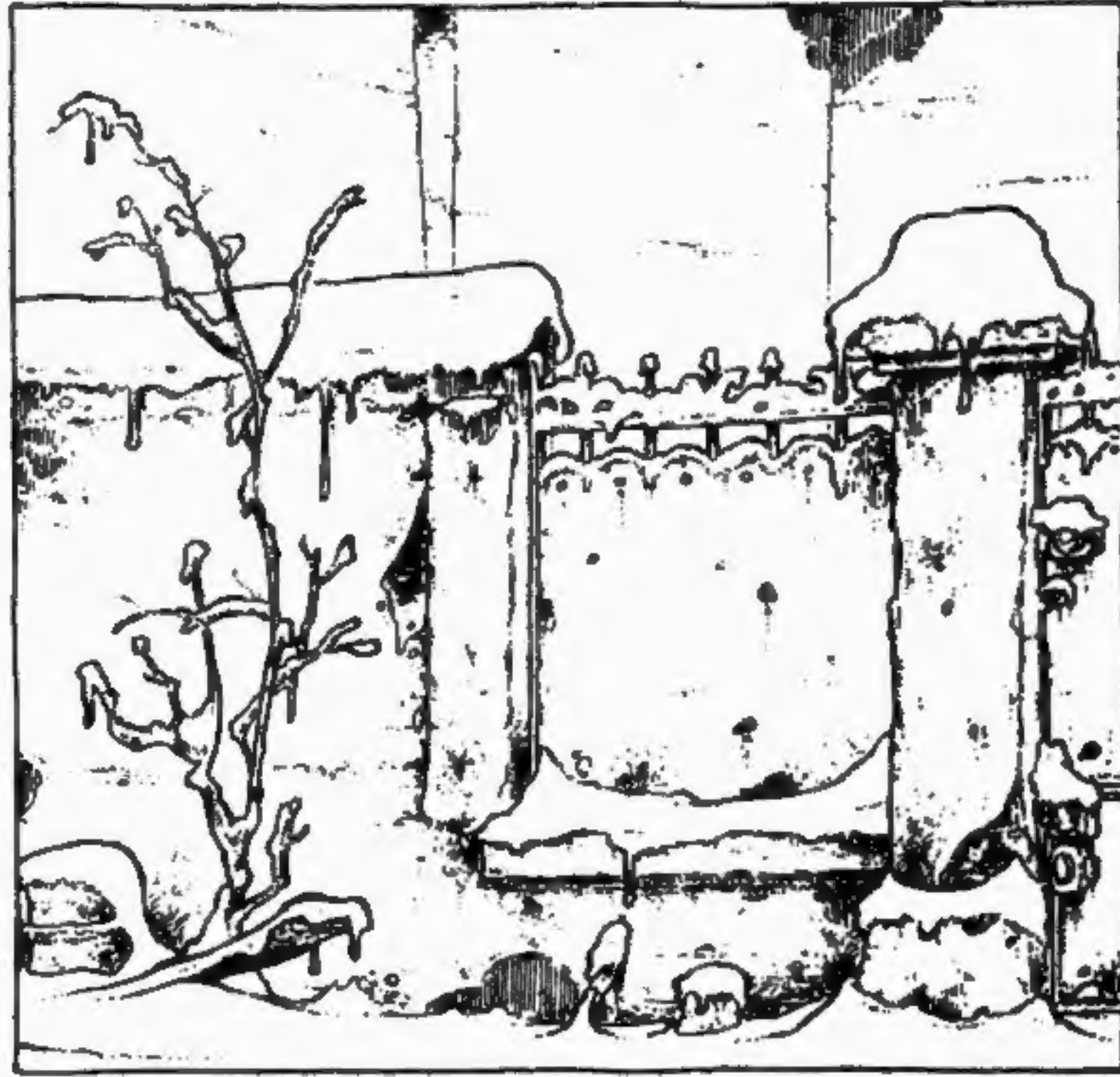
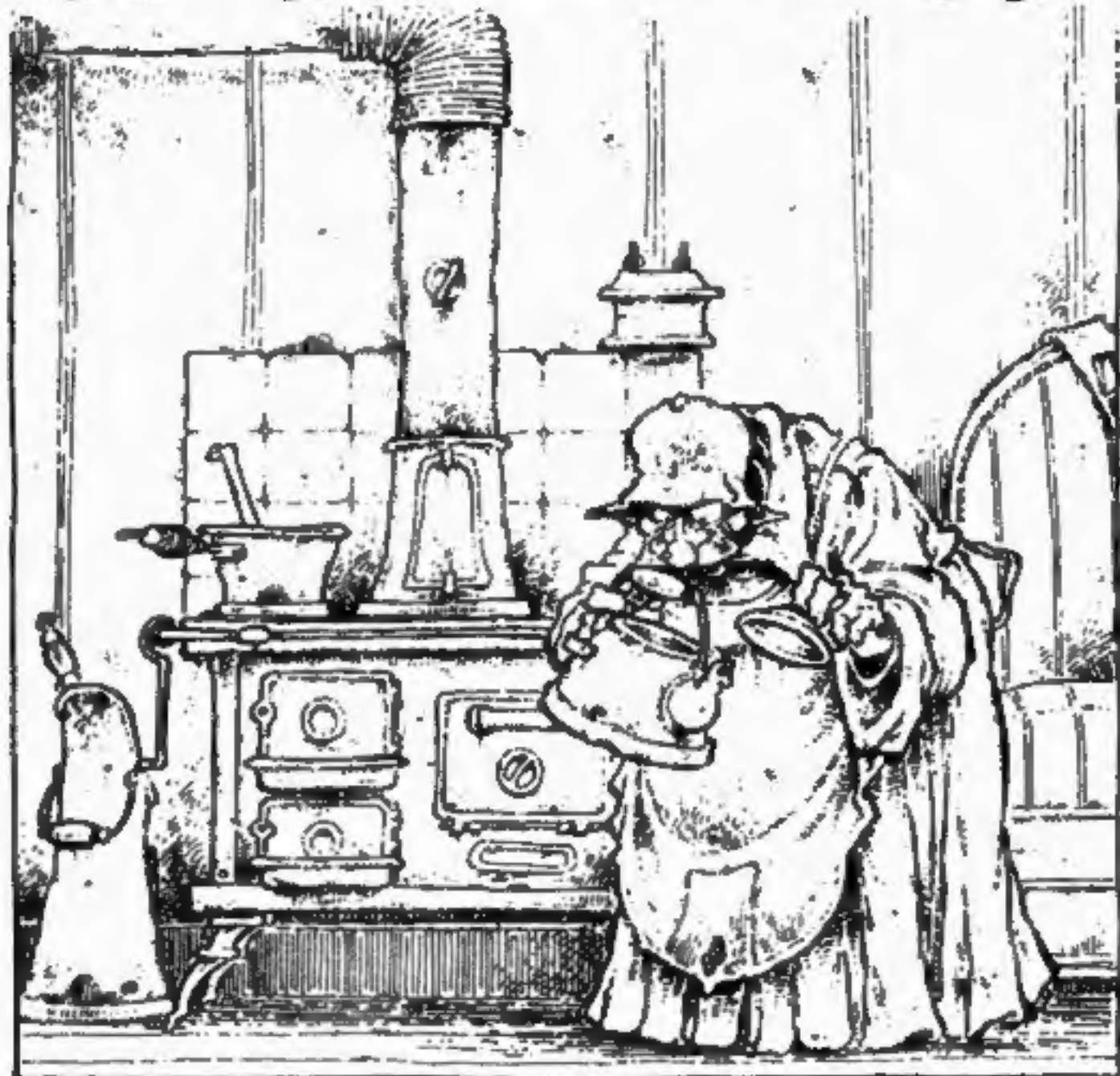


With the help of Lulu, Mimi, Kiki, Louise, Bambi, Poussy, Minette, Hassi... and many others... Miaowwww...



# CARMEN Cruz

## 15 Below Zero.







MRS. CRU!  
HEY, MRS. CRU!  
SHIT, IS SHE  
THERE OR AIN'T  
SHE?...

I HEAR A  
NOISE, LIKE  
SQUEAKING. I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT SHE'S  
DOING...

HEY, GRANNY!  
SHE'S PRETENDIN' TA BE  
DEAF, AS USUAL. WHAT A PAIN  
IN THE ASS... YO, CARMEN!

CRUI CRUI CRUI  
CRUI CRUI CRUI  
BLOO GLOB BL

KIA  
BLU GLOB

CRUI CRUI CRUI  
BLOO BLOO

IT'S THE  
PUMP! THE PUMP!  
LISTEN MR RAUL!  
SHE'S PUMPING  
WATER, FOR GOD'S  
SAKE! WATER!

SO SHE IS. NO  
NEED TA JUMP  
UP AND DOWN LIKE  
A LOON, MOLDON!  
AM I JUMPIN'?

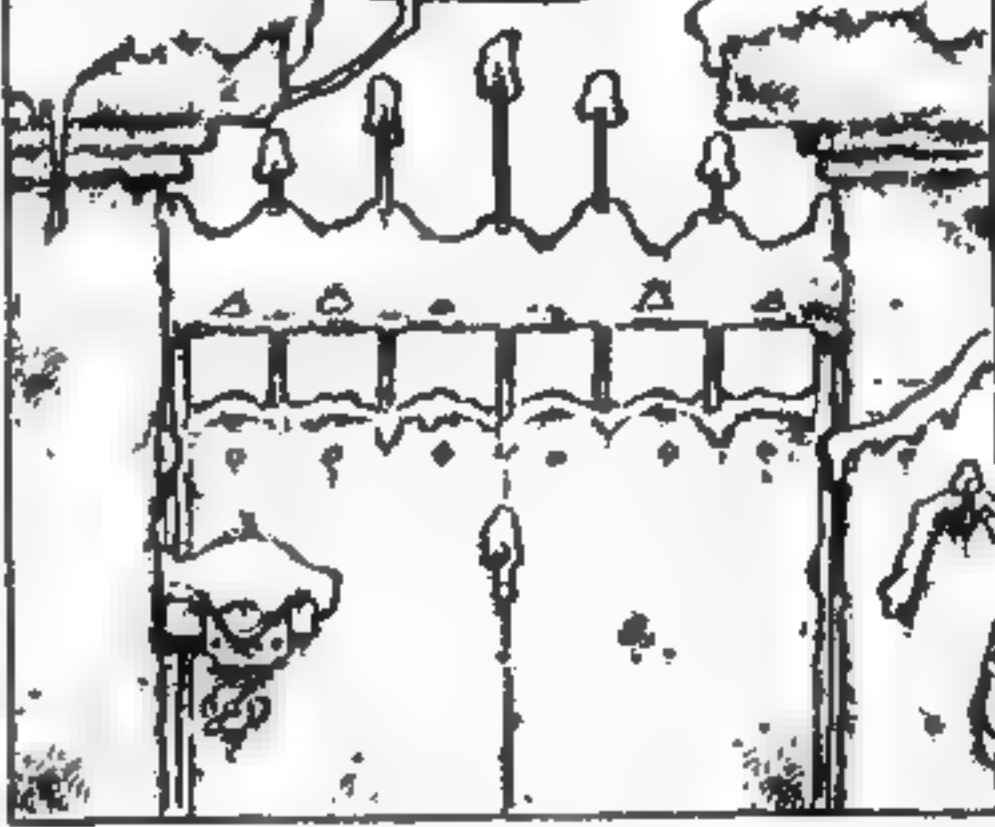




MRS. CRU, OPEN UP! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. WE HEARD THE PUMP, THE WATER RUNNING. YOU CAN'T HIDE. I'M WITH MR. RAOUL. HE HEARD IT, TOO. DIDN'T YOU HEAR IT, TOO, MR. RAOUL?



THE PUMP, THE WATER RUNNING...  
HEY, MOLDONI, DON'T GET IN A STATE LIKE THAT OVER A L'IL WATER. I CAN LIVE WITHOUT WATER. IT'S THE WIFE THAT WANTS SOME, GOD KNOWS WHY...



MRS. CRU, WE DON'T HAVE ANY WATER! NONE ON THE WHOLE BLOCK! THE COLD FROZE ALL THE PIPES, EVERYTHING IT'S A CATASTROPHE! WE DON'T HAVE ANY WATER! WE'RE LOST!

SHE'S BEEN BUGGIN' ME WITH THAT SINCE DAWN. FOR HER TOILET OR SUM' THIN'...



OR HER WASHIN' OR COOKIN' ALL THOSE WIMMEN THINGS.

BITCH.

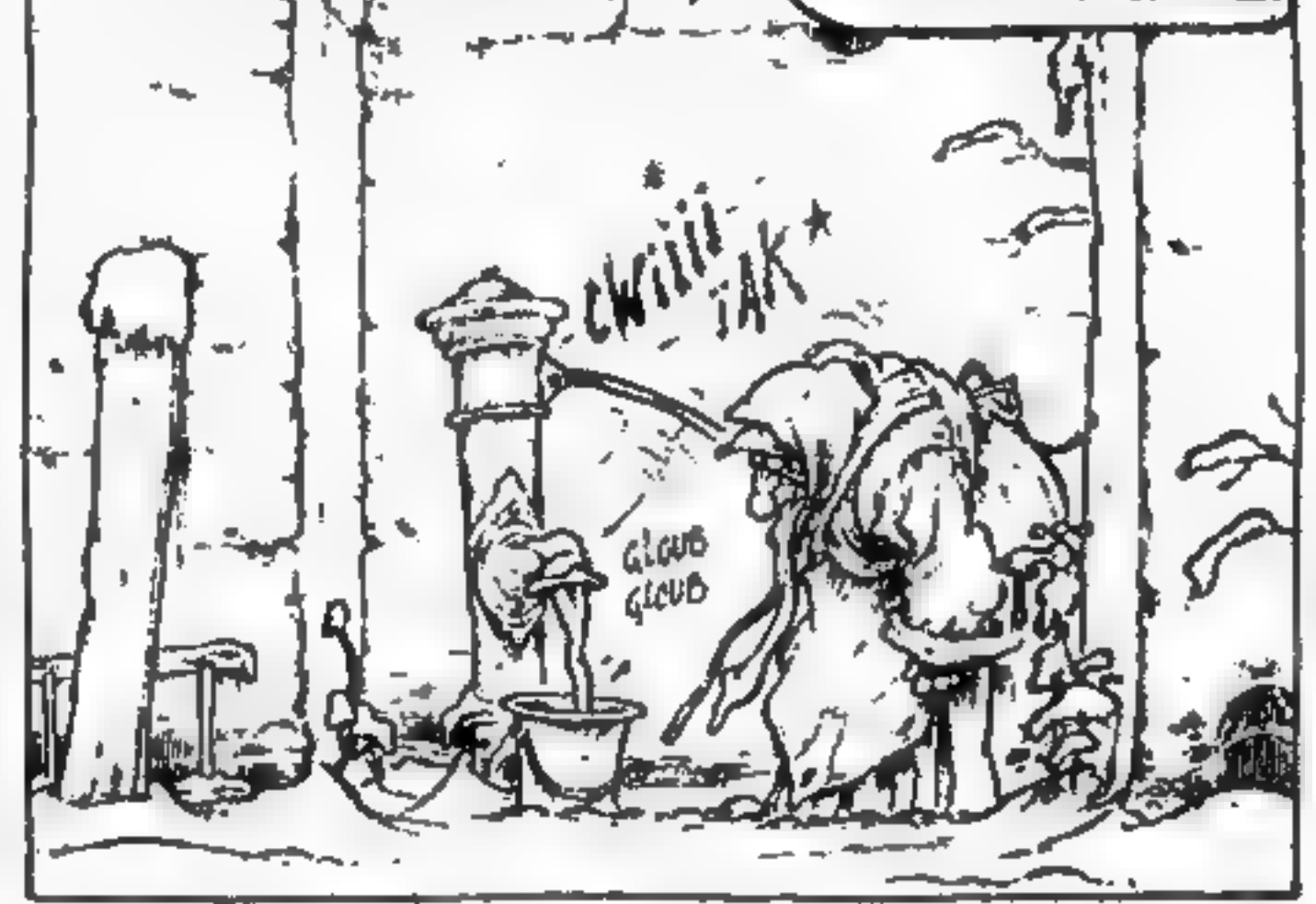


SO WE THOUGHT OF YOU, MRS. CRU. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS A WELL. THE WATER IN A WELL DOESN'T FREEZE. DID YOU HEAR ME, MRS. CRU? THE WATER... IN YOUR WELL ... IT'S NOT FROZEN... HO! HEY!



NO NEED TA SHOUT, MOLDONI! SHE'LL ONLY ANSWER IF SHE FEELS LIKE IT. I KNOW HER, THE OL' WOMAN! YOU'LL WAIT ALL DAY!

MRS. CRU, I HEAR YOU PUMP-ING. SURELY YOU COULD OPEN UP. SHOW SOME CHAR-ITY, A LITTLE PTY, FOR GOD'S SAKE



HO!  
HO!  
HO!



IT'S LIKE SPEAKIN' TO MY ASS. AH, SHE STOPPED PUMPIN'. BUT I BET SHE'LL DO THAT ALL DAY JUST TO BUG US. PUMP, PUMP ... AH, DAMN CARNIEN...



IF IT AIN'T A SHAME. TO REFUSE WATER. IT'S JUST NOT DONE. IT MAY EVEN BE ILLEGAL. SHE HAS NO HEART. HELP ME, MR. RAOUL, DO SOMETHING!







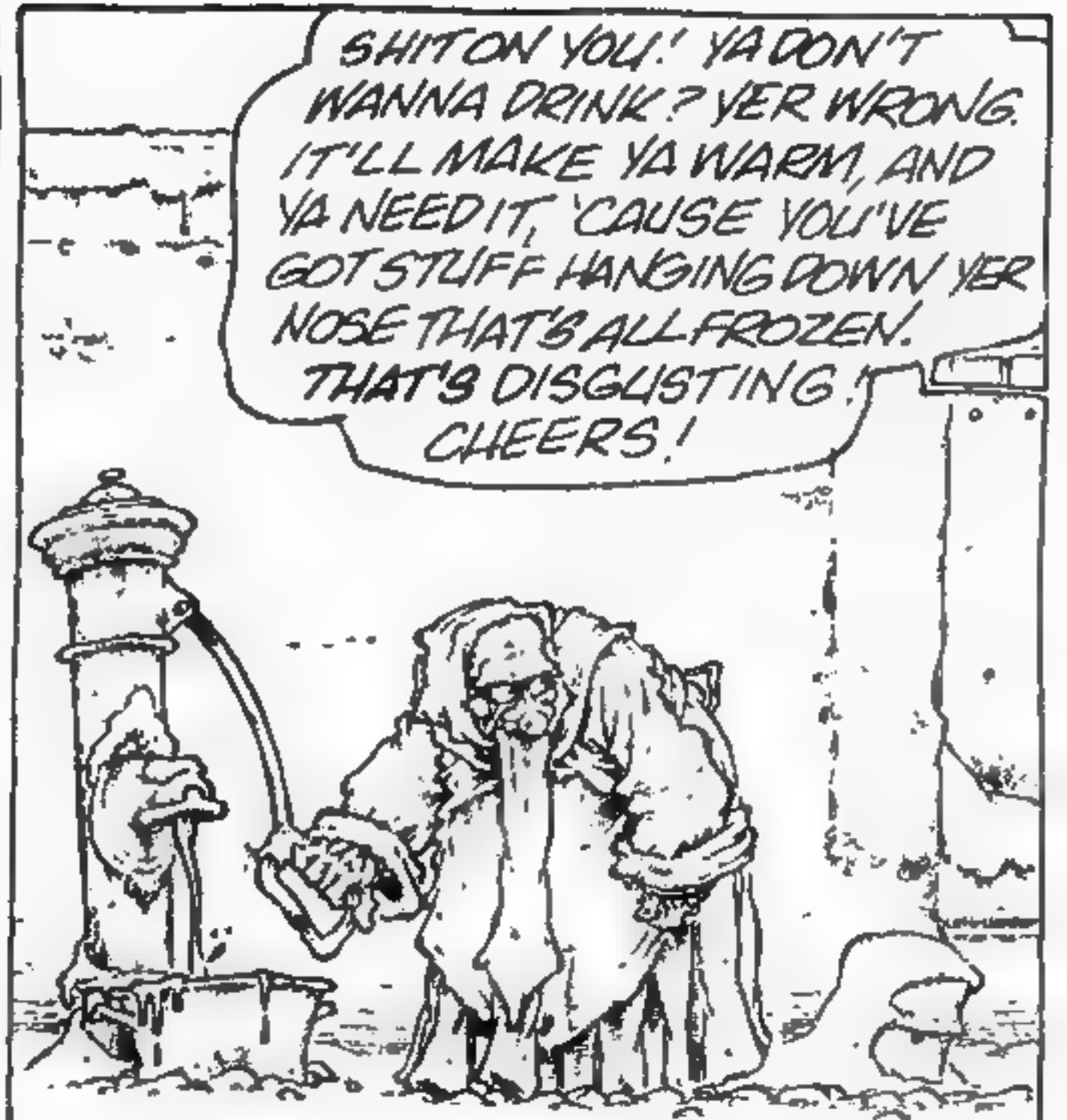
OK, MOLDONI, THERE, HAVE A DRINK. I KNEW SHE'D DO THAT, SO I TOOK A BOTTLE OF RUM WITH WITH ME. I EVEN HAVE A GLASS. IF WE HAD WATER WE COULD MAKE SOME GROG, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO WATER...  
HAR, HAR, HAR!... NO WATER...



HOW CAN YOU DRINK AT A TIME LIKE THIS? DON'T YOU REALIZE THE GRAVITY OF OUR SITUATION? YOU HAVE NO MORAL SENSE. YOU'RE DISGUSTING.



SHIT ON YOU! YA DON'T WANNA DRINK? YER WRONG. IT'LL MAKE YA WARM, AND YA NEED IT, 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT STUFF HANGING DOWN YER NOSE THAT'S ALL FROZEN. THAT'S DISGUSTING! CHEERS!



I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT... I KNEW SHE WAS STUBBORN, CROTCHETY AND A ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASS, BUT TO BE THAT UNSOCIAL... I'M AMAZED, COMPLETELY AMAZED, ASTOUNDED, ASTONISHED.



HEY, DON'T MAKE THAT FACE, MOLDONI. AND DON'T SIT DOWN. IT'S FIFTEEN BELOW. YOU'LL FREEZE TO DEATH. OKAY, I'M THROUGH. I GOTTA GO HOME...



IF SHE WANTS WATER, MY BITCH OF A WIFE CAN GET SOME HERSELF. I'M NOT HER SLAVE.

SO YOU'RE ABANDONING ME, MR. RAOUL? I'M ALL ALONE NOW. I HAVE NO FRIENDS, NO ASSISTANCE, NO WATER...



STOP CRYIN', MOLDONI. YOU'LL MAKE ICICLES. I'M GONNA SHACK UP IN BED WITH A GOOD BOTTLE UNDER MY ARM, AND COUNT SOME Z'S. THE WORLD CAN COLLAPSE, BUT I'M KING.



I KNOW! I'M GOING TO LEAVE A BUCKET IN FRONT OF HER DOOR. SHE CAN'T NOT SEE IT... NOT UNDERSTAND NOT FILL IT. THAT'S A GOOD IDEA... A BUCKET IN FRONT OF HER DOOR.

LULLI, THE OL' WOMAN CRUI WOULDN'T OPEN UP. I AIN'T GOT NO WATER, BUT THERE'S PLEN 'YA SNOW OUT THERE. WHY DON'T YA MELT SOME IN A POT?



I LEFT AN EMPTY BUCKET. SHE'LL FILL IT. WITH WATER. A BUCKET FULL OF WATER. THANK YOU, MRS. CRUI, THANK YOU!

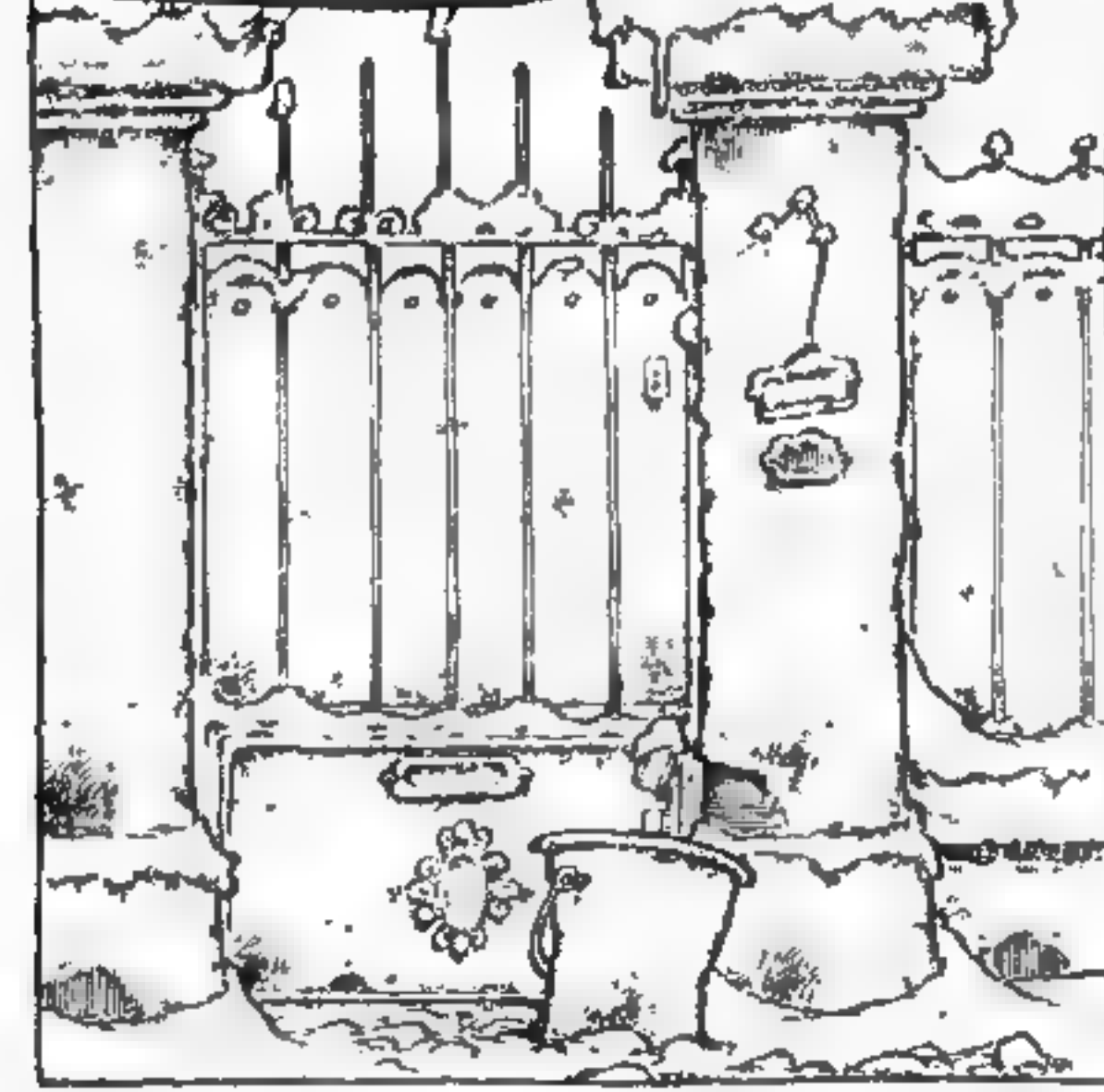
WHADDAYA SAY? POLLITED? WHAT THE HELL DO I CARE ABOUT POLLUTION? YER THE ONE THAT'S POLLITED. DON'T BUG ME.







THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES, MRS CRUI JUST A LITTLE WATER.

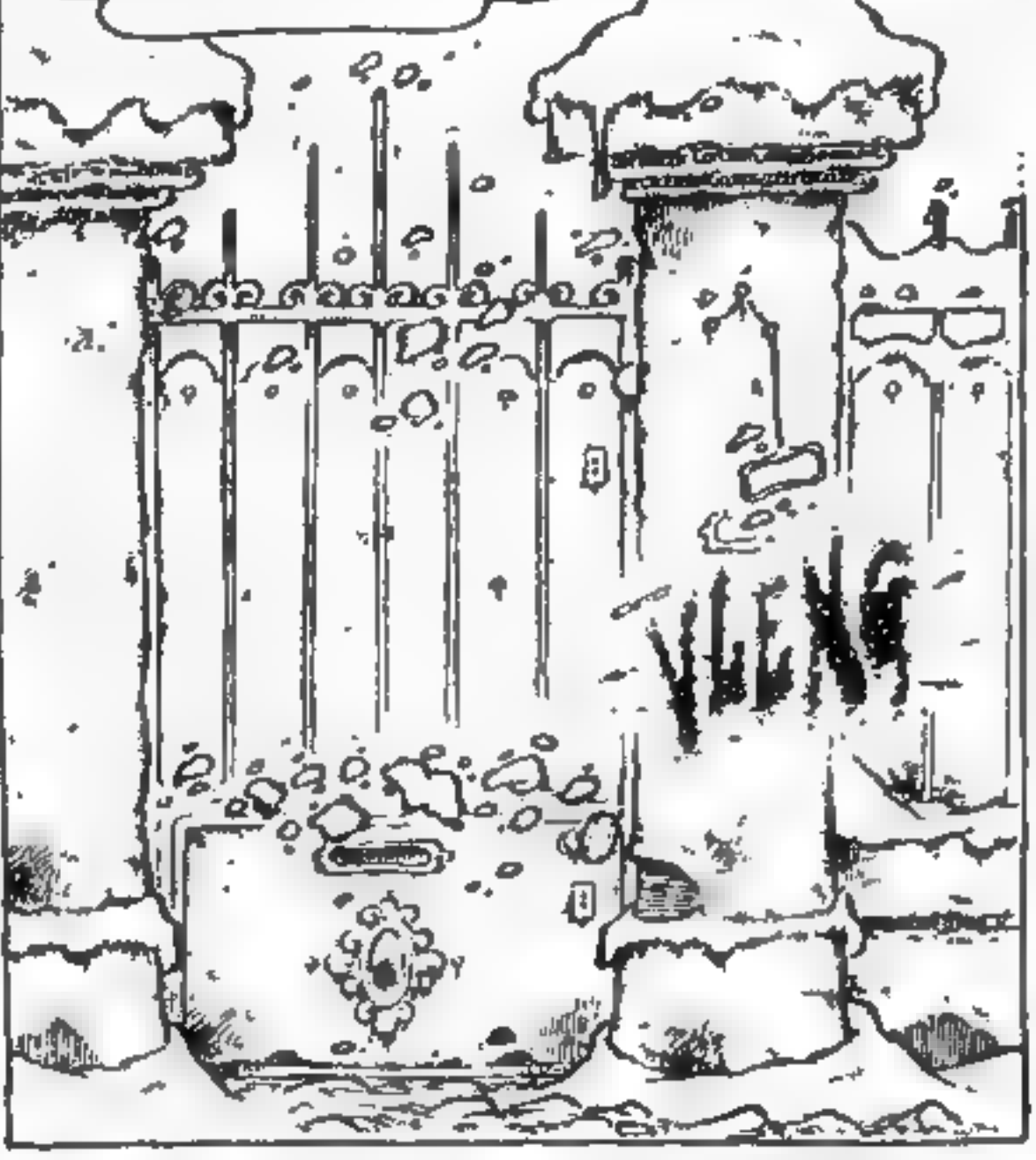


MOVE OVER. I WANNA SIT BY THE FIRE. I'M FROZEN..

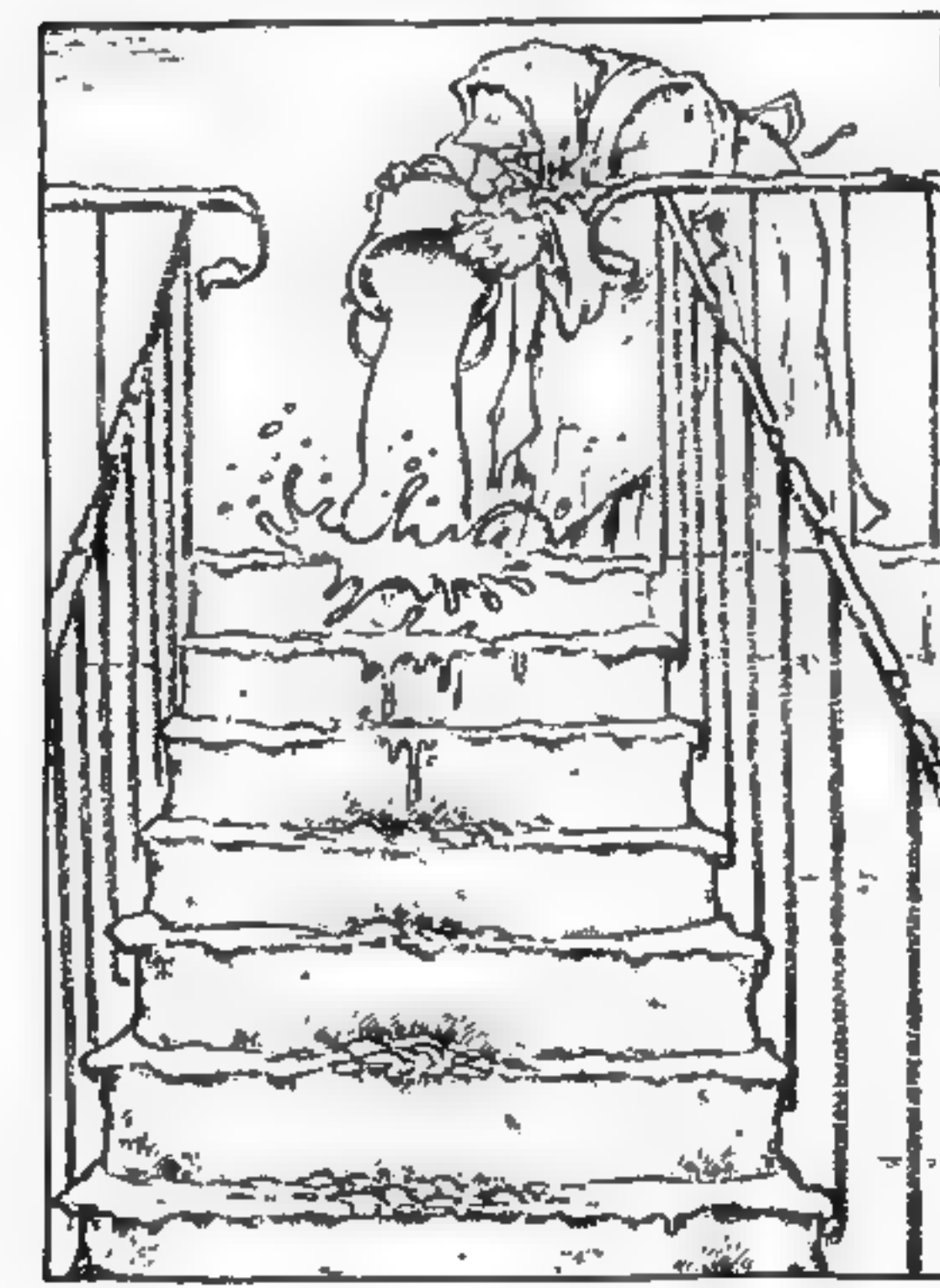
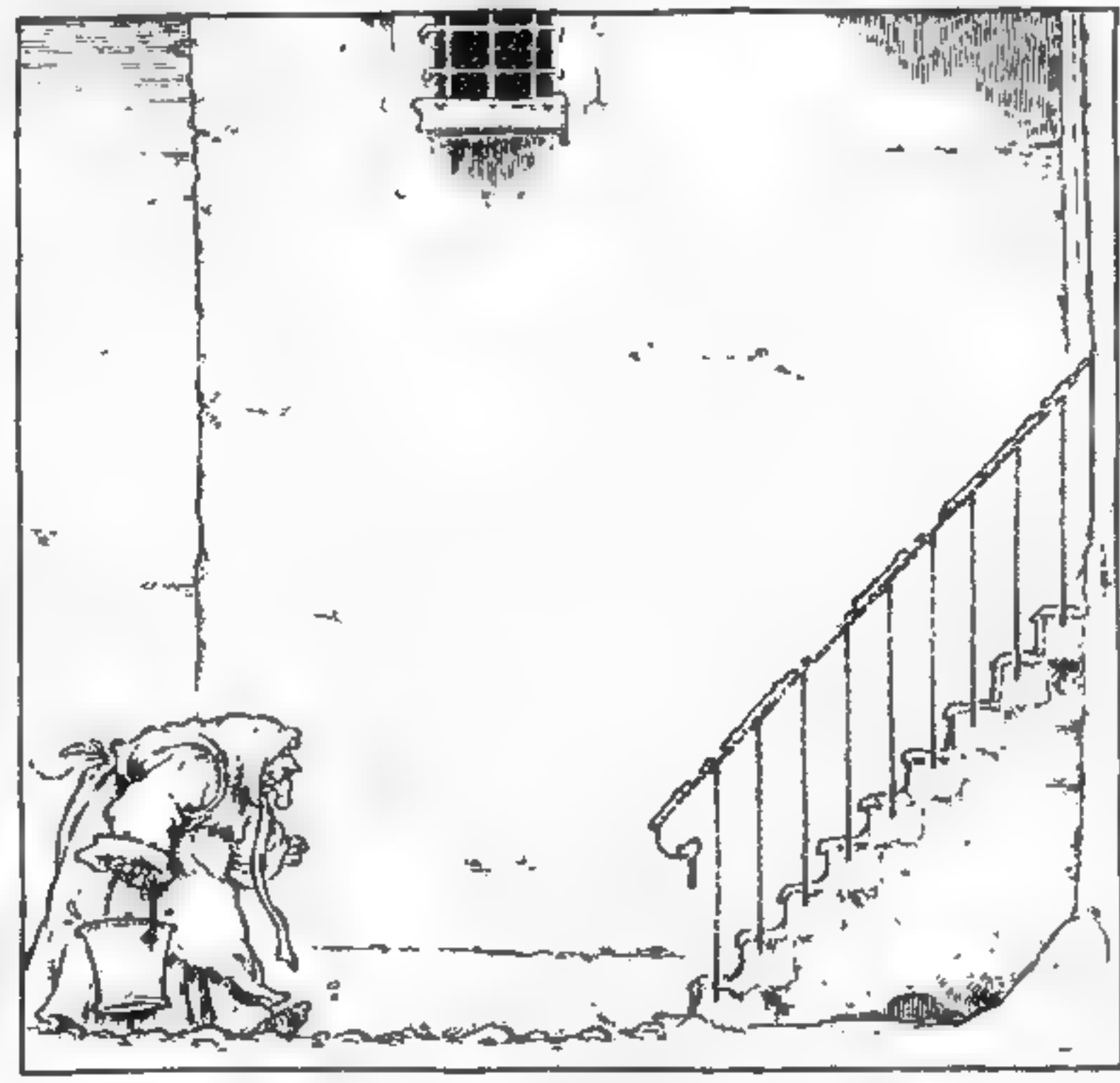


PUT ON SOME MORE WOOD GOTTA GET WARM..

TAKE OFF MY SHOES. THEY'RE FROZEN..



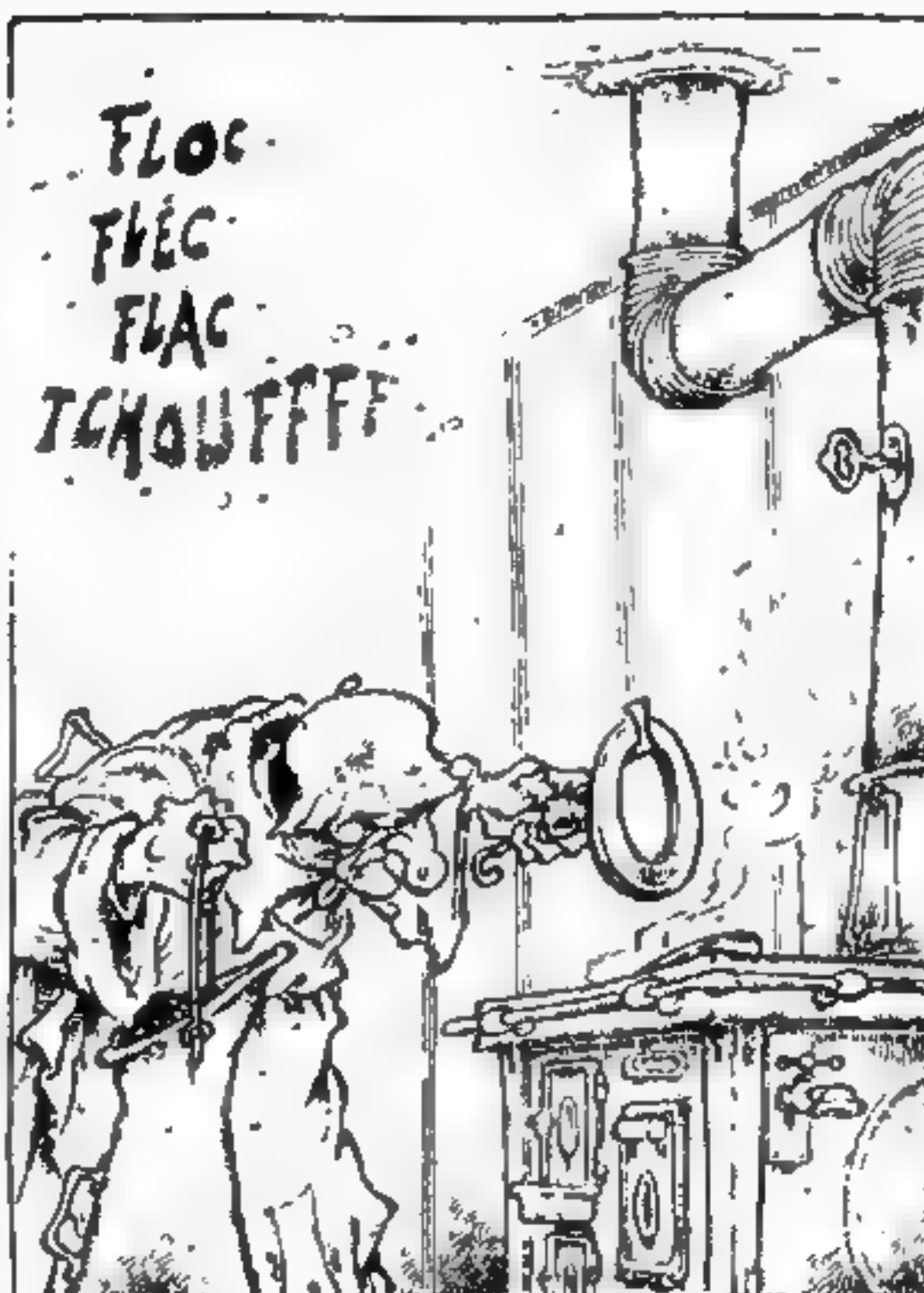
IT'S YER FAULT. HURRY IT UP.







MY BUCKET! MY BUCKET! THERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS! THANKS MRS. CARL...  
HE HA



FLOC  
FLEC  
FLAC  
TCHOUTFFF



RAOUL! I HEARD A SCREAM 'GO AND SEE!  
IT'S MOLDONI. HE GOT HIS BUCKET BACK 'FACT HE'S LYIN' ON IT, NOT MOVIN'. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. SHIT! COMPLETELY FROZEN.



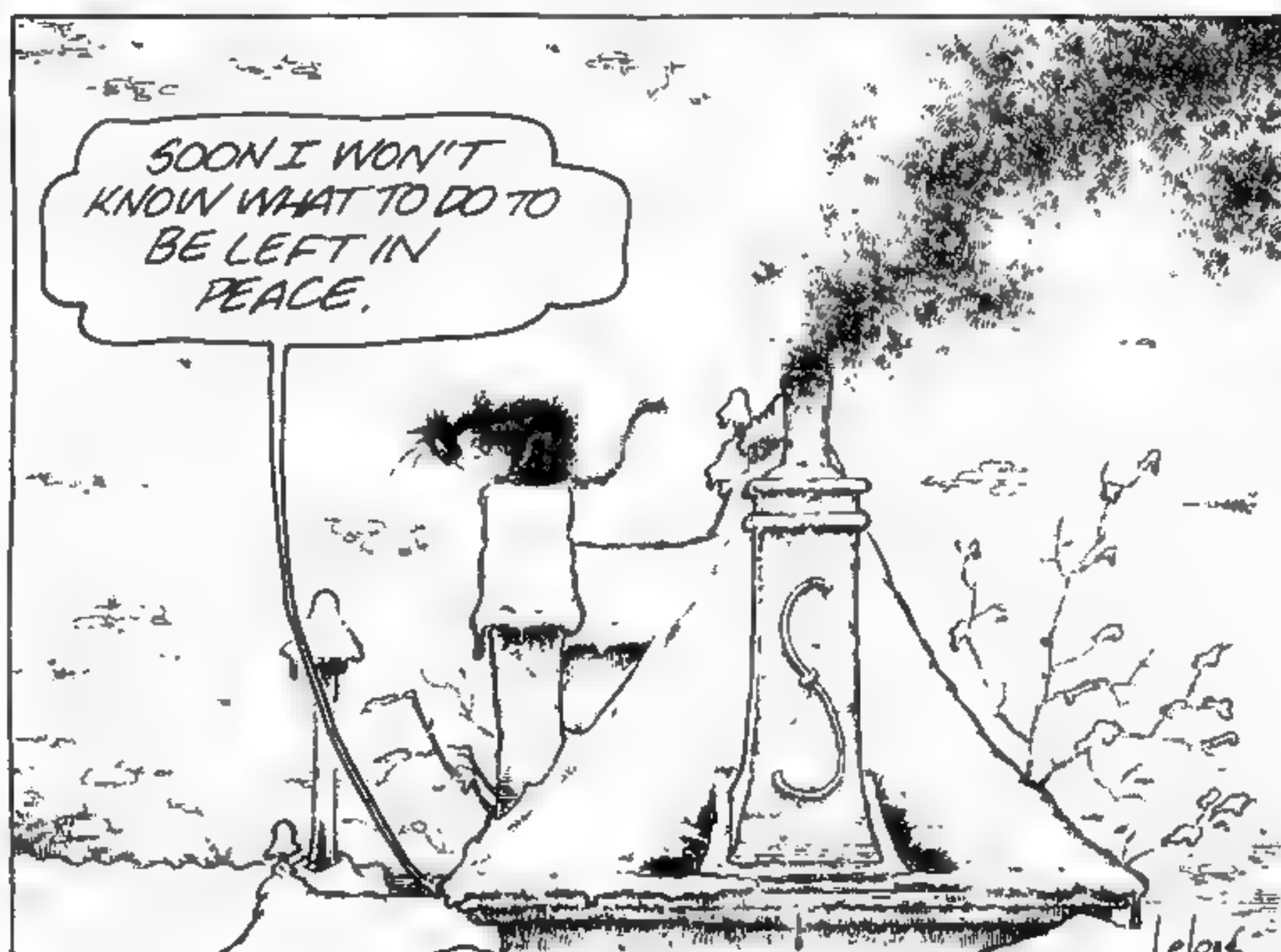
WHAT?  
NO, THE STAIRS ARE FROZEN, NOT MOLDONI. THEY SHINE LIKE THEY WAS CHROMED. PICK HIM UP? VER-JOKIN'! I DON' WANNA FALL. I AIN'T STUPID LIKE MOLDONI...



PEOPLE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BAD WEATHER TO COME AND BUG ME RIGHT ON MY DOORSTEP. I'M COLD ALL OVER NOW. I ALMOST CAUGHT MY DEATH OUT THERE.



THEY'D HAVE LIKED THAT. THEY COULD PLUNDER EVERYTHING I OWN. I HAVE TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST THESE VULTURES.



SOON I WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO TO BE LEFT IN PEACE.



# The Poultry.



HERE SHE COMES. I GOTTA WARN HER. AFTER ALL, IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.



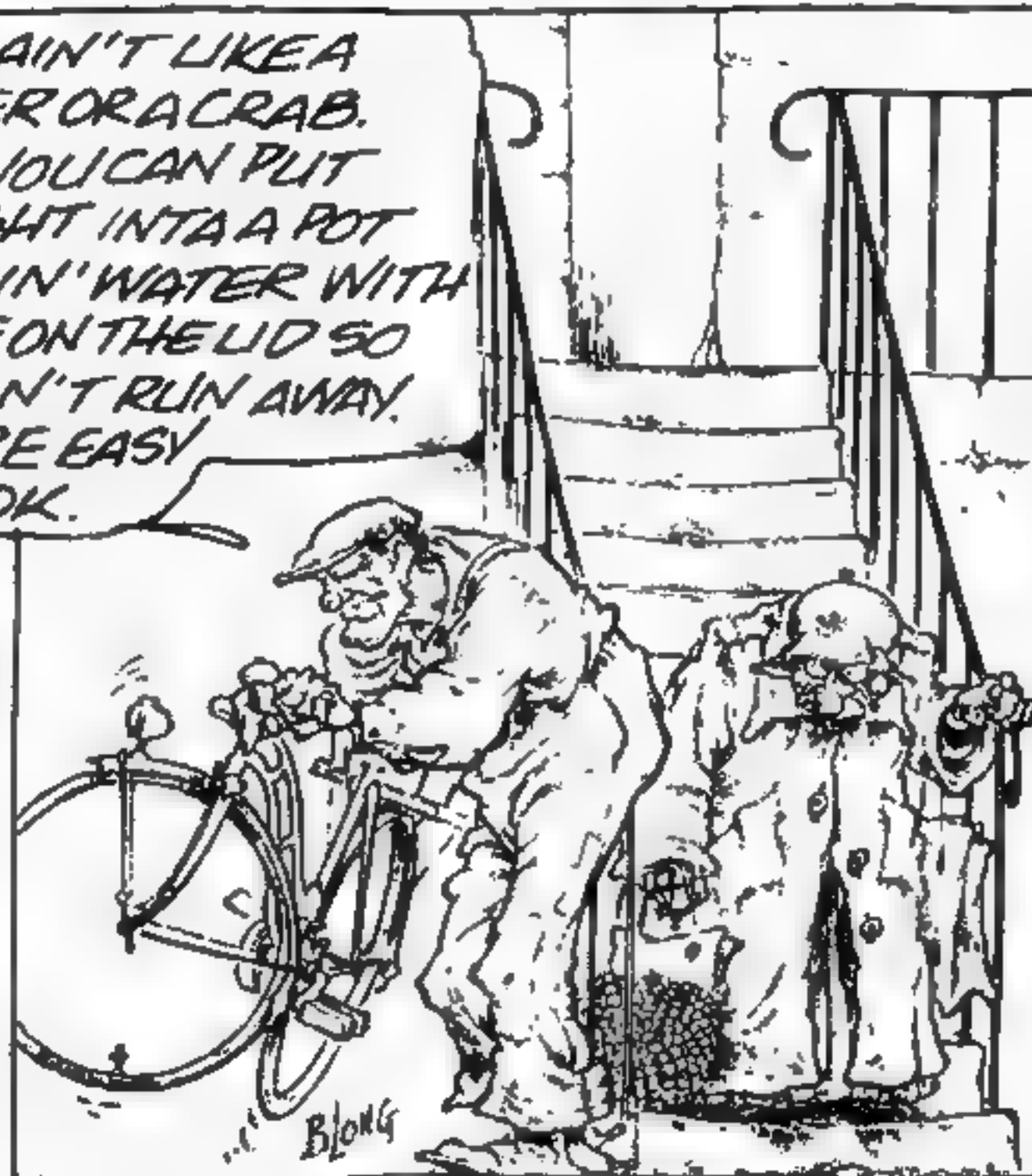
HEY, LITTLE MOTHER, I GOTTA TELL YA... YA GOT SOME FOWL IN YER GARDEN. I THREW 'EM OVER THE WALL, 'CAUSE THE GATE WAS CLOSED.



THEY'RE DUCKS. A COUPLE. MALE AND FEMALE. THE KID WON 'EM AT THE FAIR, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO ROOM TO KEEP 'EM. I THOUGHT OF YOU 'CAUSE YA GOT PLENTY O' SPACE 'ROUND.



WE THOUGHT OF EATIN' 'EM, BUT THEY'RE LIVE, SO WE'D HAVE HAD TA KILL 'EM FIRST.



THEY AIN'T LIKE A LOBSTER OR A CRAB. THOSE, YOU CAN PUT STRAIGHT INTO A POT OF BOILIN' WATER WITH A STONE ON THE LID SO THEY CAN'T RUN AWAY. THEY'RE EASY TA COOK.



BUT I NEVER SEEN NO ONE PUT A WRIGGLIN' DUCK IN A POT, FEATHERS AND ALL. AIN'T RIGHT THAT WAY.



IF IT WERE A RABBIT, IT'D BE EASY. I KNOW HOW TO DO RABBITS. STRIKE IT HARD ON THE NECK LIKE THIS: SCHLAK! GOTTA CRACK IT GOOD THE FIRST TIME, IF YA CAN...

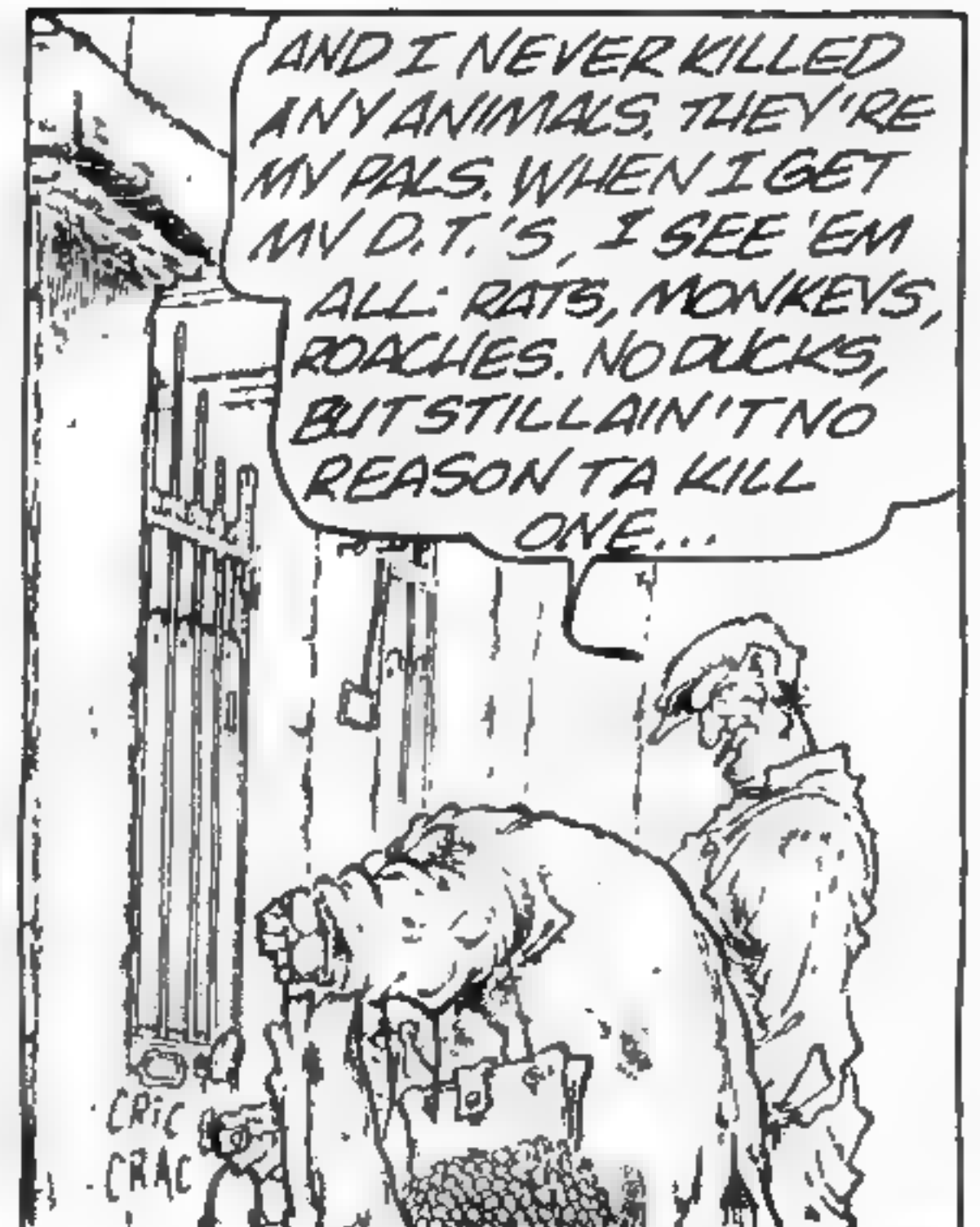


THEN WITH YER FINGERS, YA POKE THE EYES OUT TO LET ALL THE BLOOD OUT. WHEN IT'S EMPTY, YA PEEL OFF THE SKIN. YA JUST PULL-- COMES OFF LIKE A BANANA.

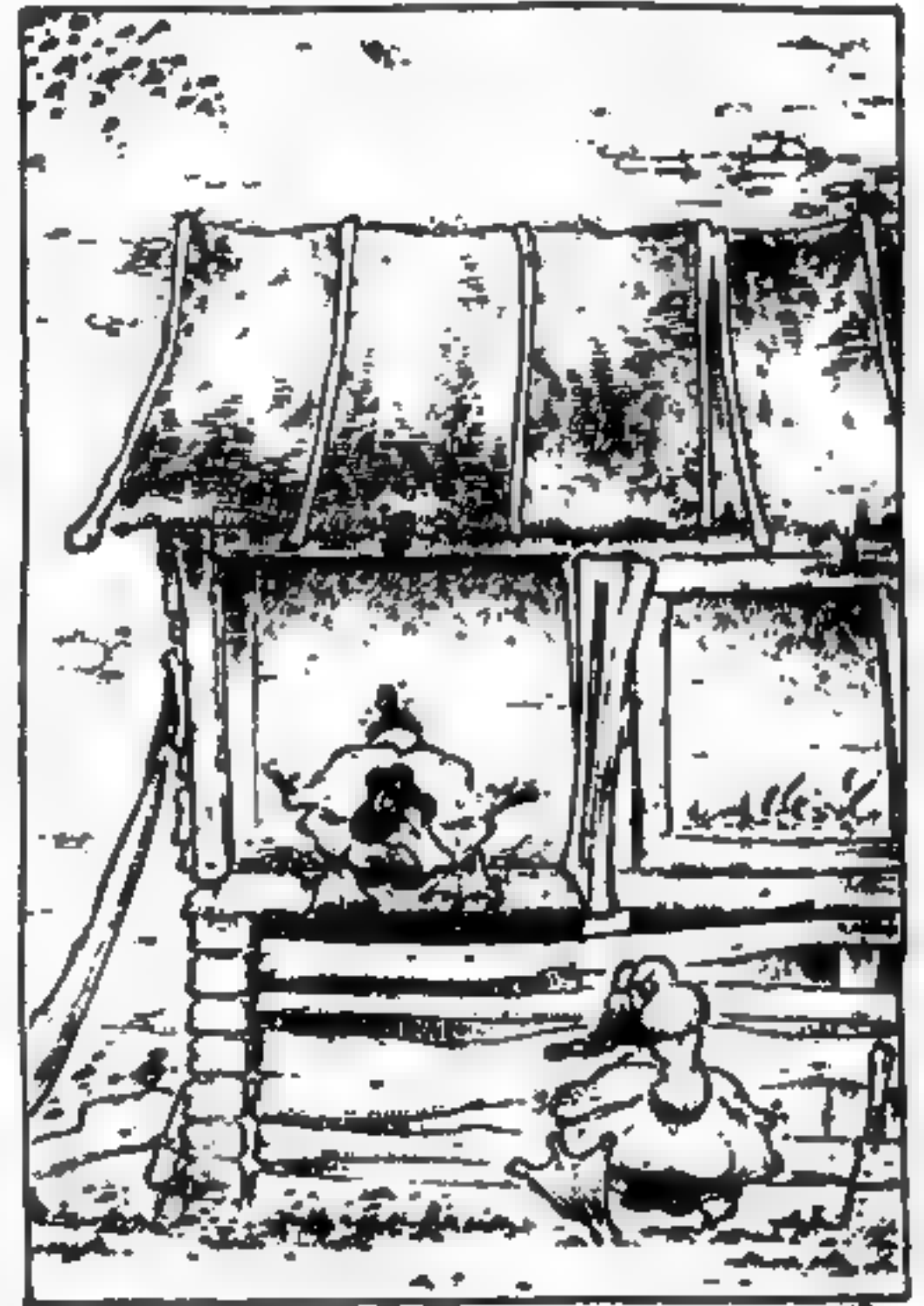


THEN ALL THE INSIDES COME OUT. YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL. THEY'RE HOT, STICKY AND SMELLY. YA GOTTA THROW 'EM AWAY 'CAUSE THEY AIN'T GOOD TA EAT. THEN YOU COOK WHAT'S LEFT ON LOW HEAT.

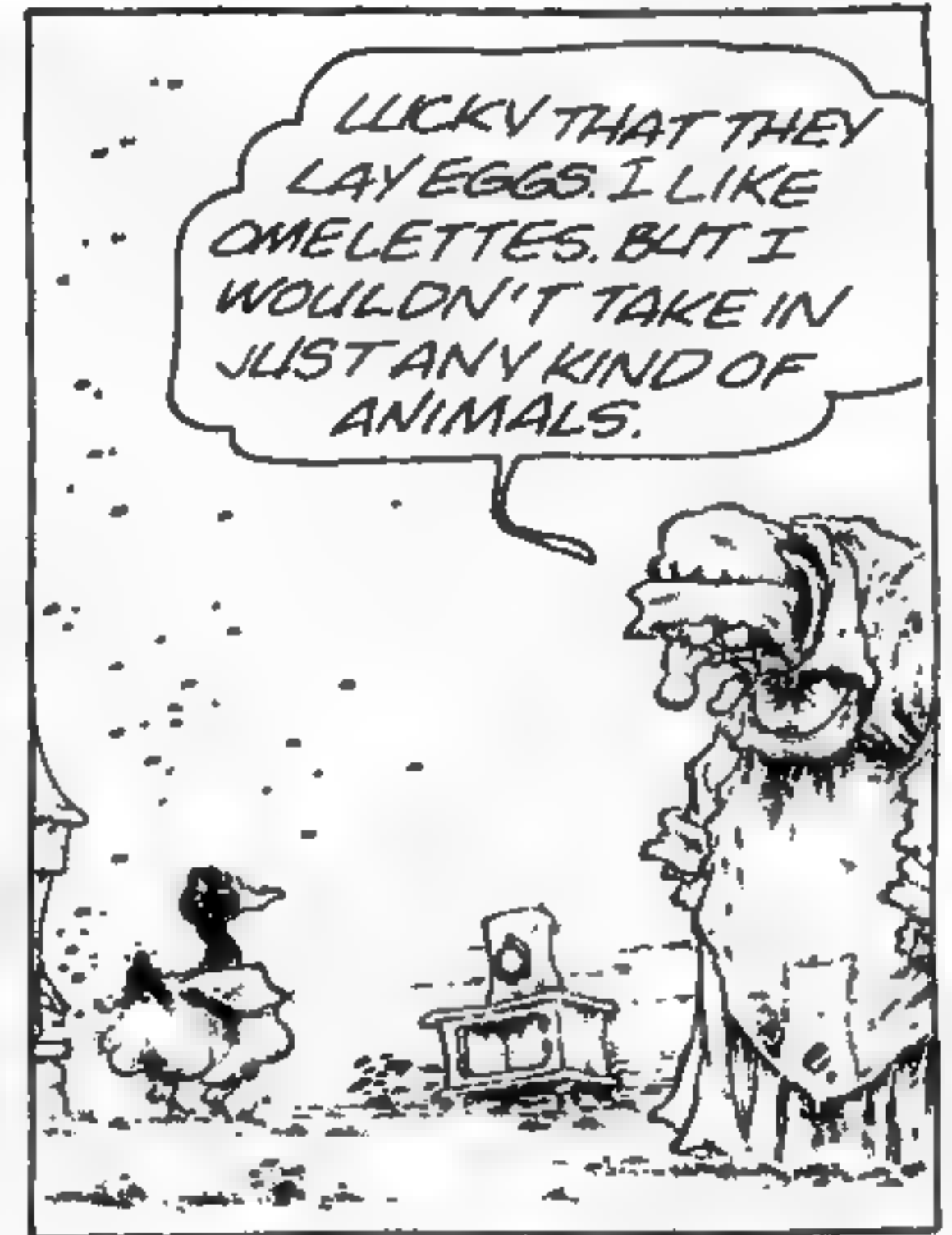








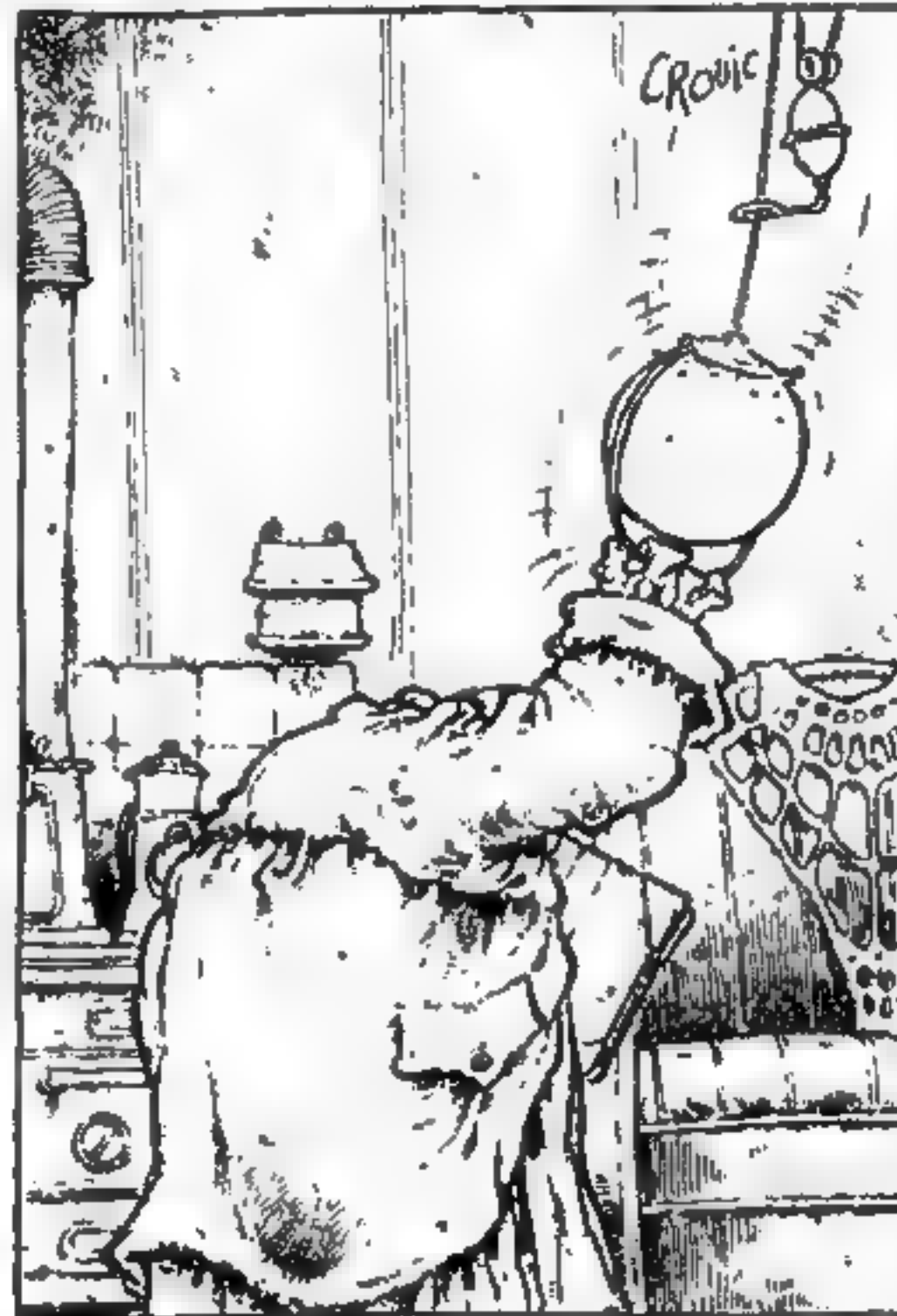
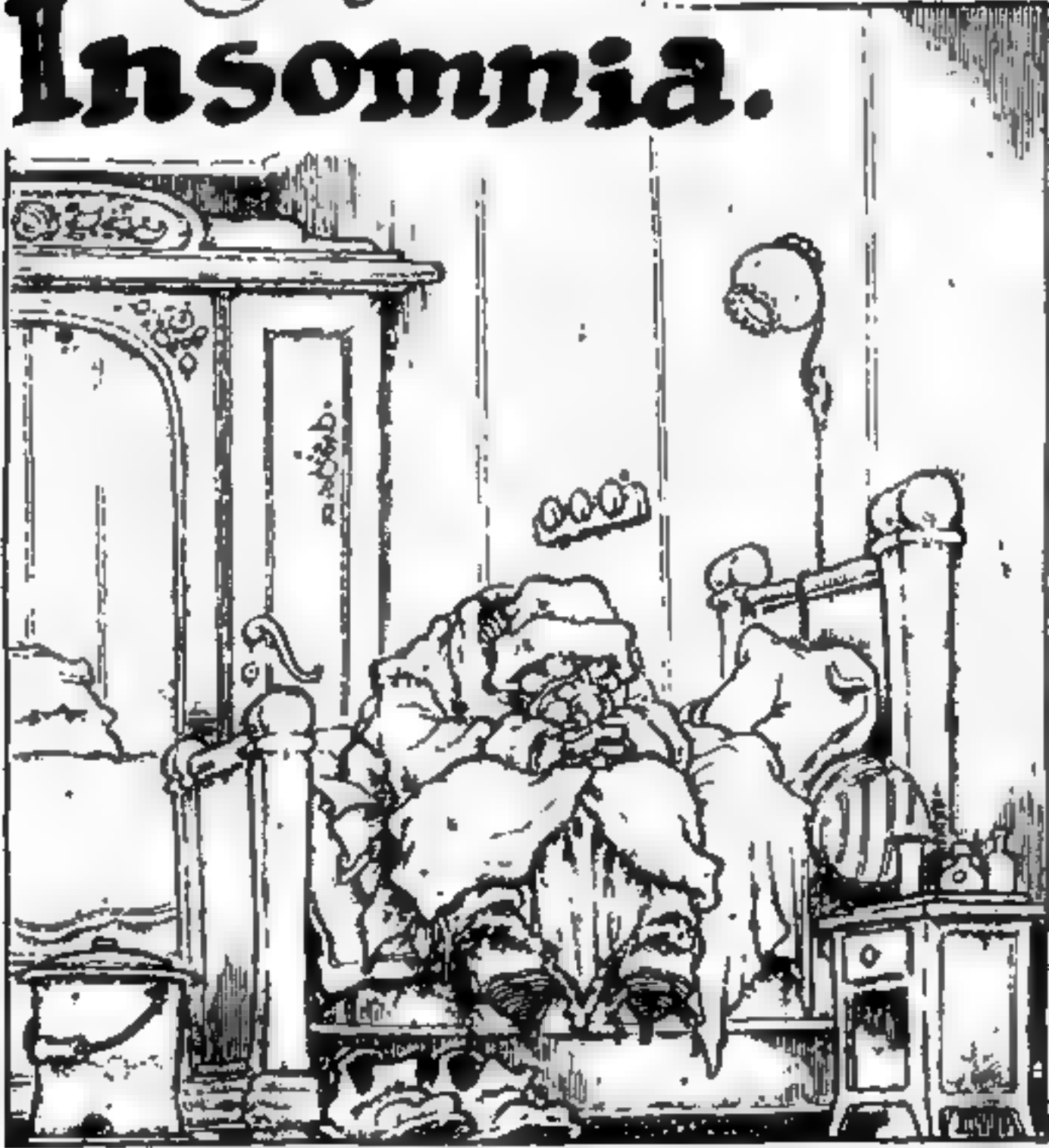




Lelong  
of 26



# CARMEN WRI Insomnia.







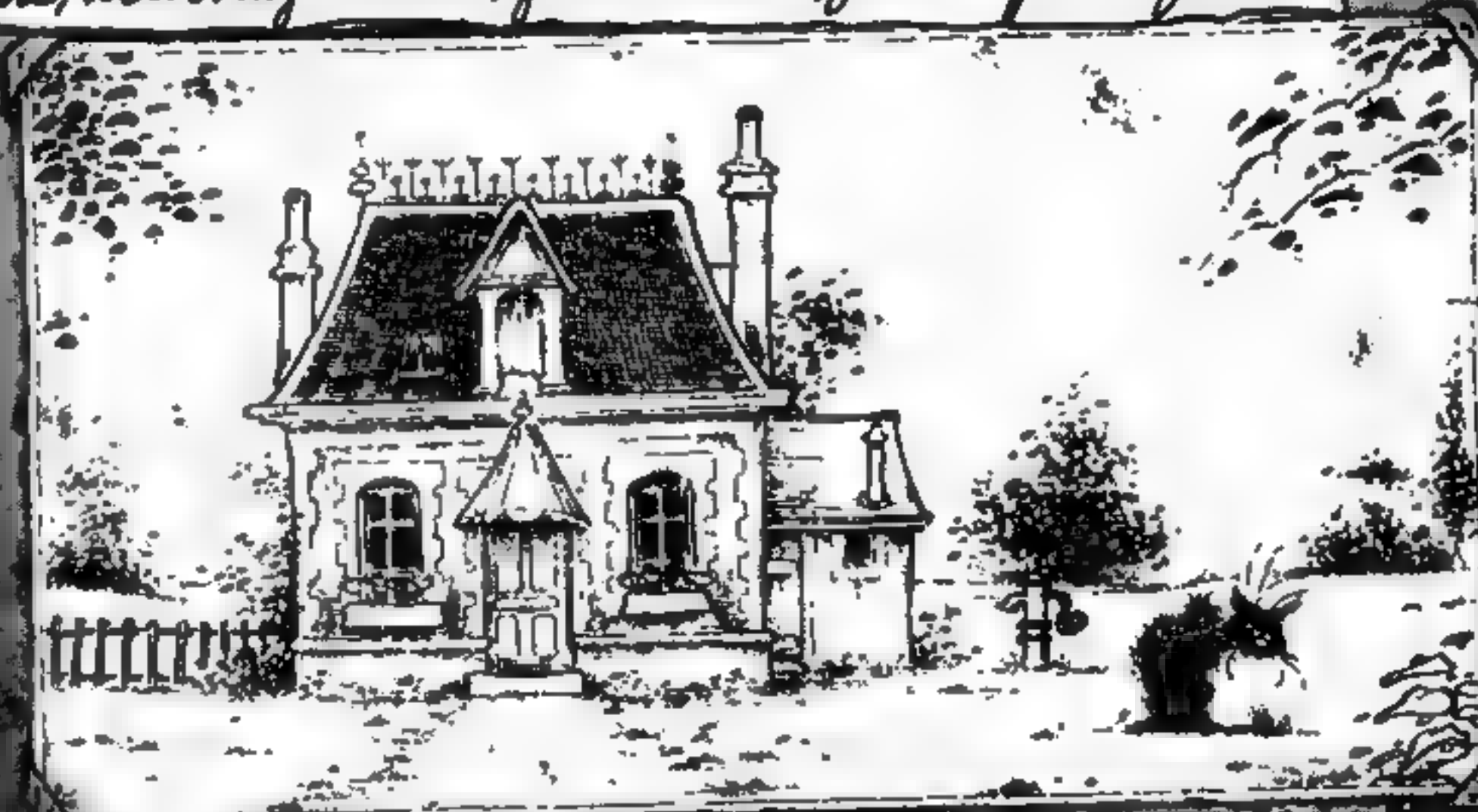
*Me,  
at the beginning  
of my life.*



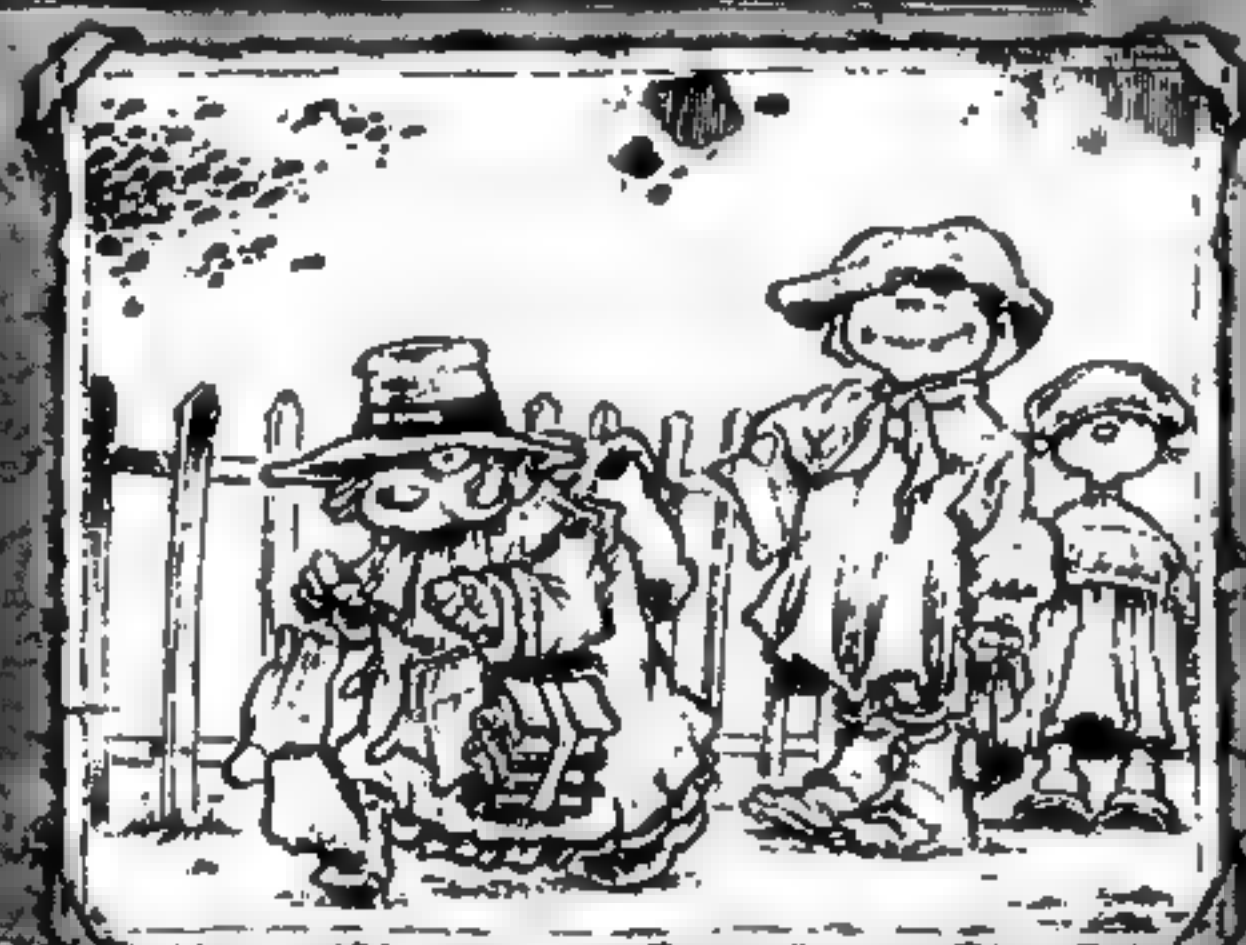
*Me, with my mother, grandmother, father, grandfather.*



*The same, but without their  
husbands. They were all  
separated. With me.*



*My mother's house. We had peace and quiet. No neighbors.*

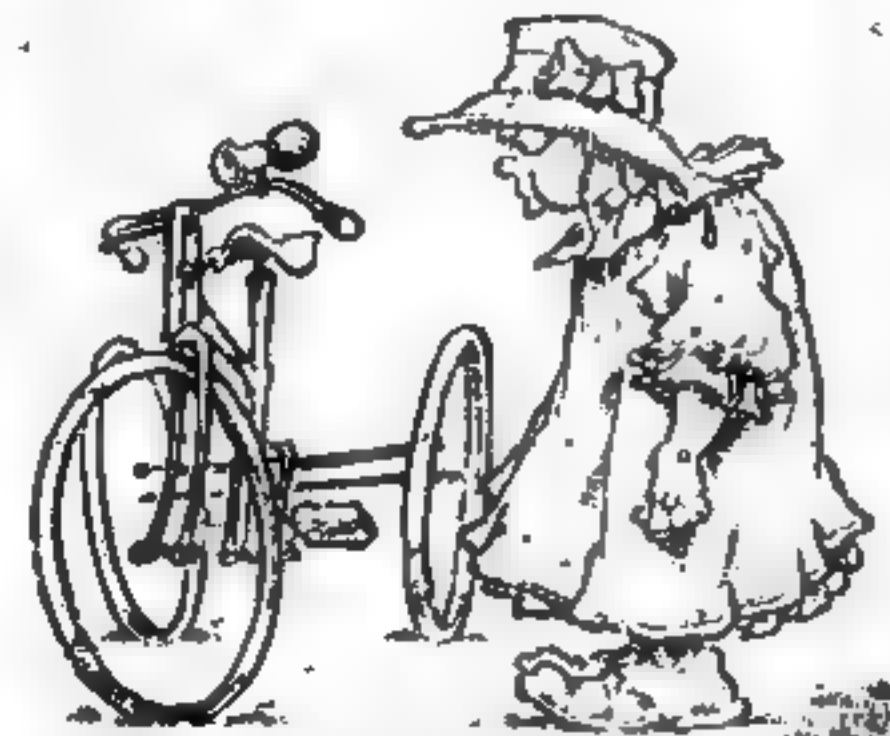


*Me with some others. Going to school.*





*Me with my grand-uncle, a shepherd in the mountains. He promised to leave me his cabin and his umbrella in his will.*



*Me with my first bike*



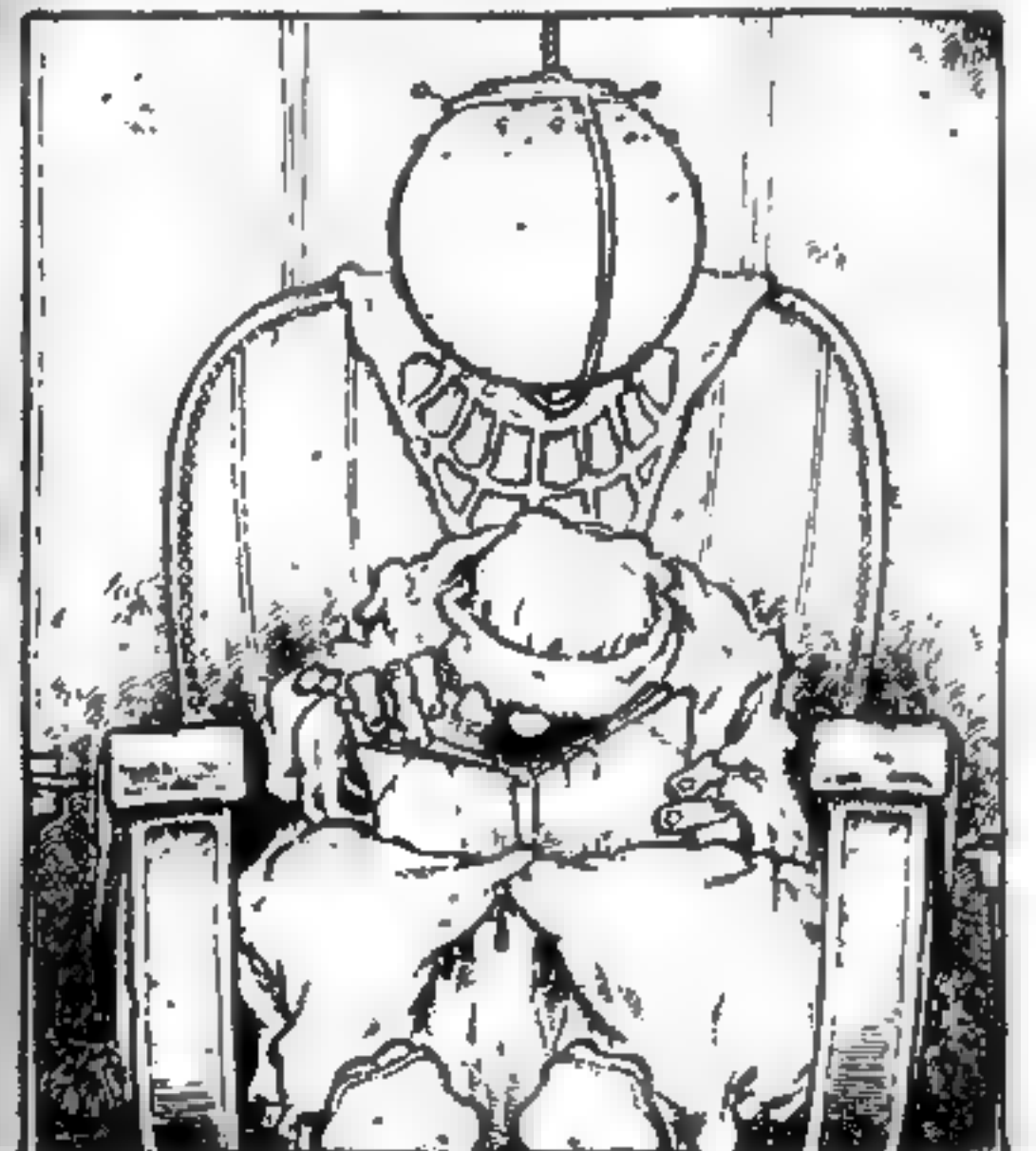
*Me with my mother and grandmother. The first neighbors have arrived.*



*Me with my fiancé, Stanislas Cru. We'd gone boating.*



*My grand-uncle, the shepherd died. Me with my inheritance: the cabin and umbrella.*







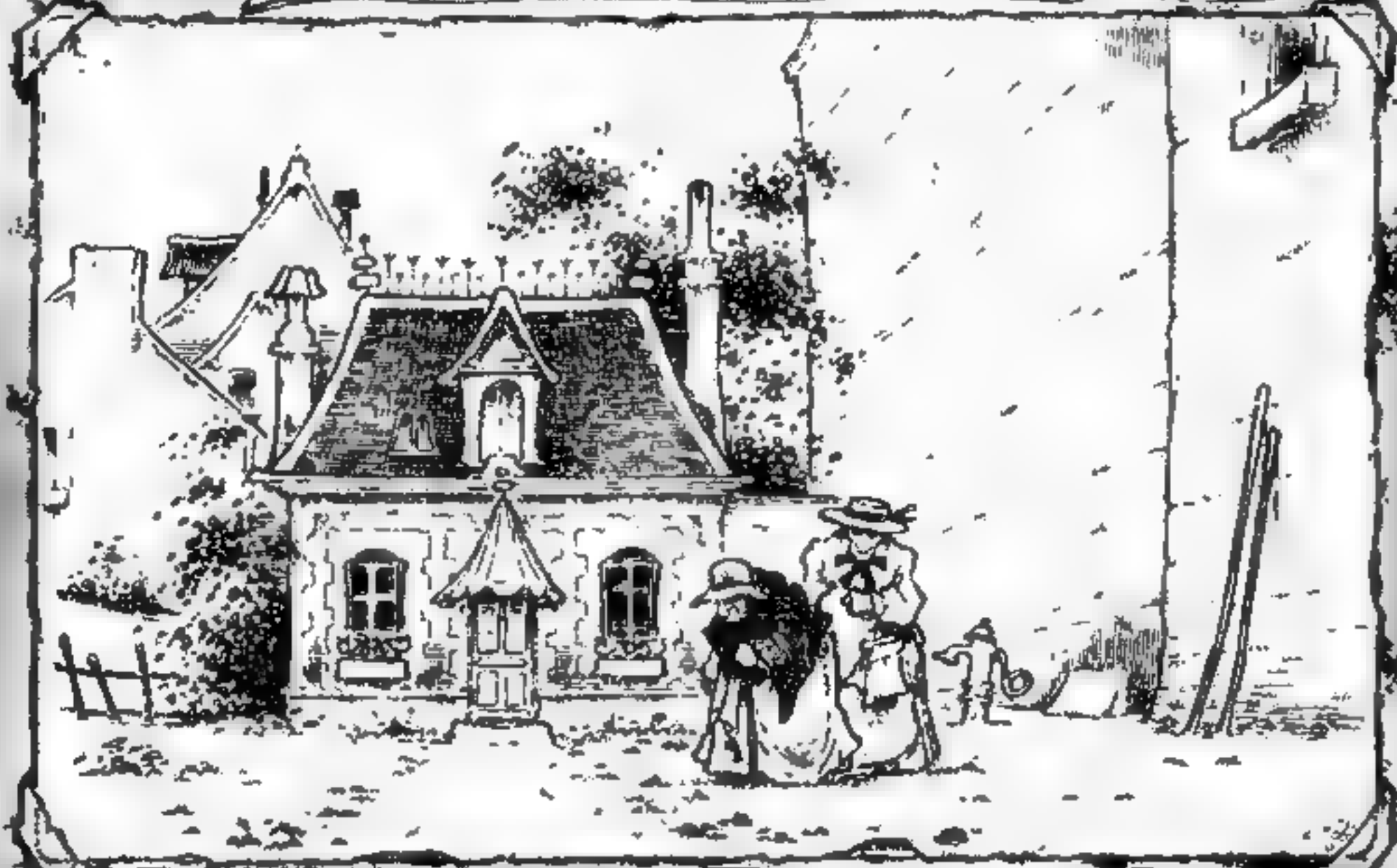
*Me with Stanislas Cru  
We were married.*



*Me a little later. We were separated.*



*Me.  
With my second bike.*



*Me with my mother. It's full of neighbors.*

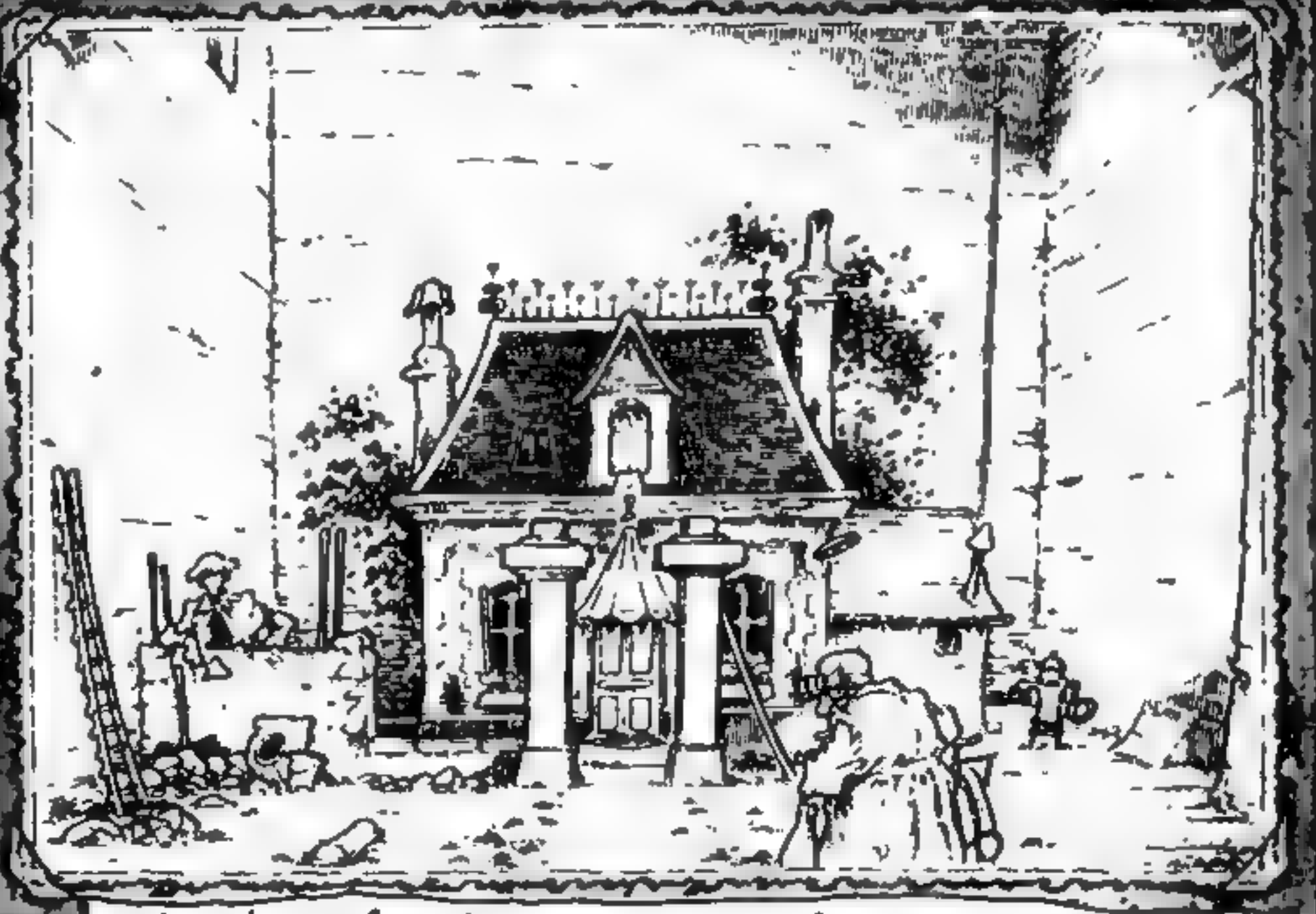


*Me with my family in the country. We are  
walking in shit.*





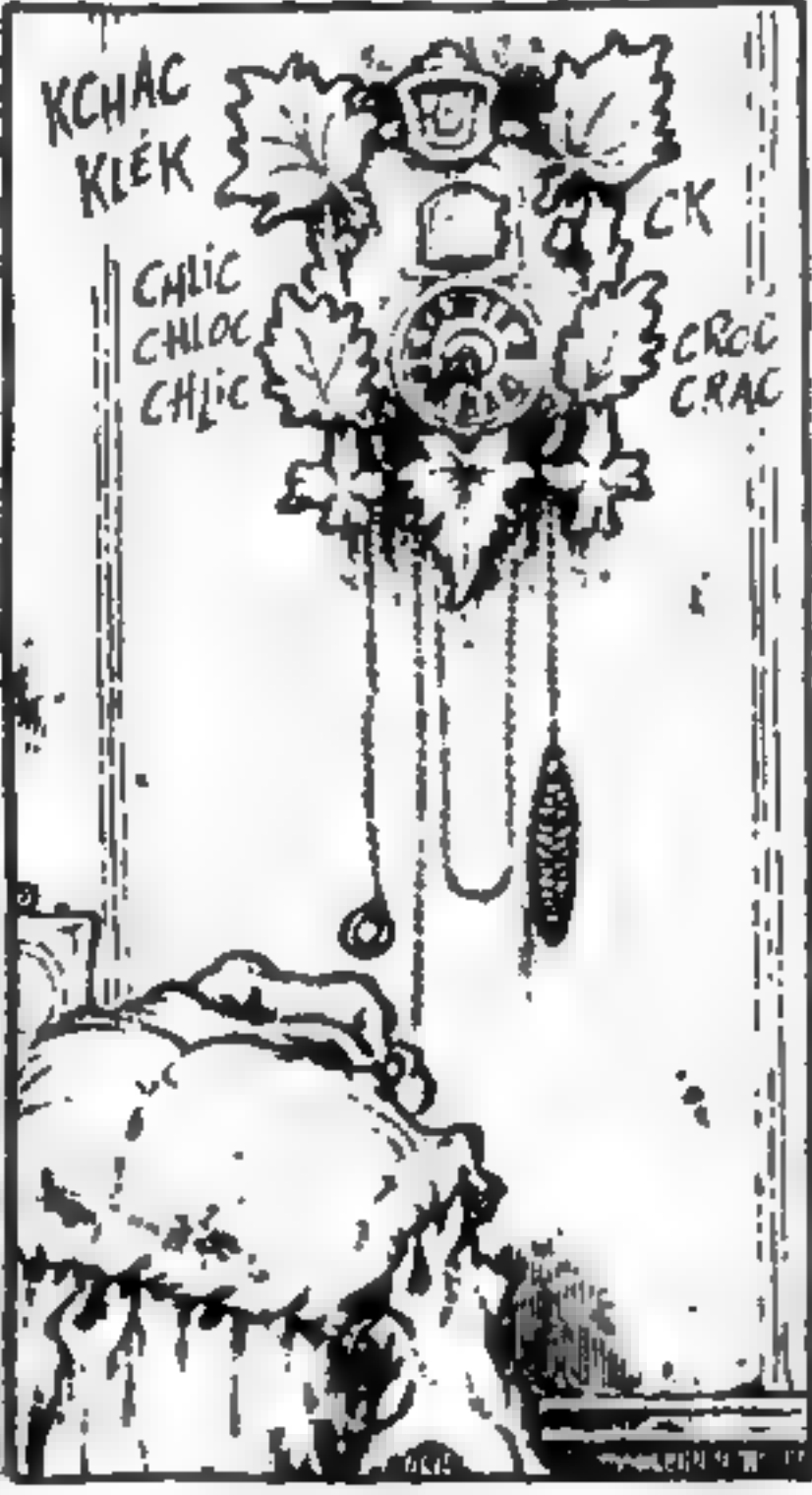
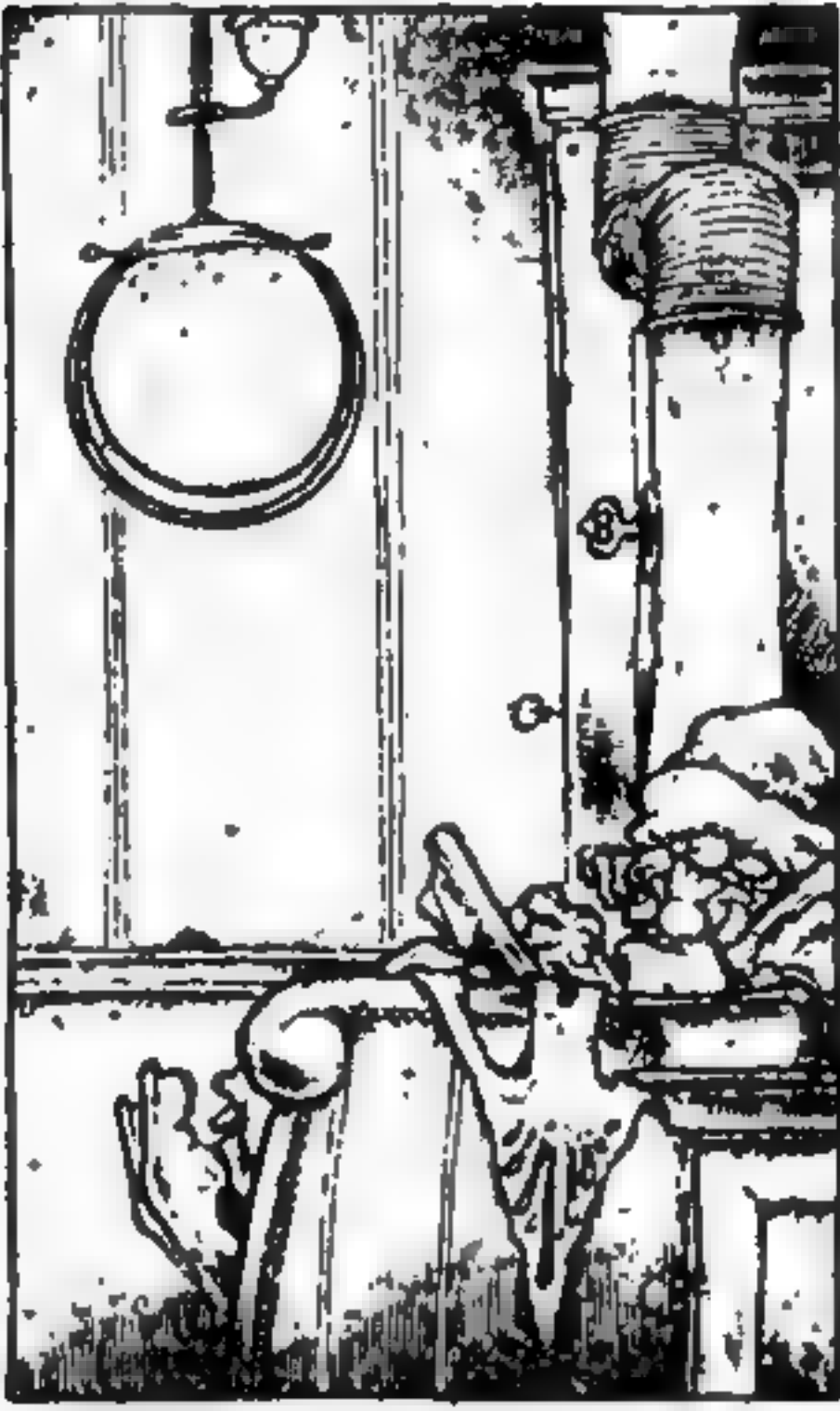
Me with my mother  
before she went into  
a home. (I don't  
know where.)



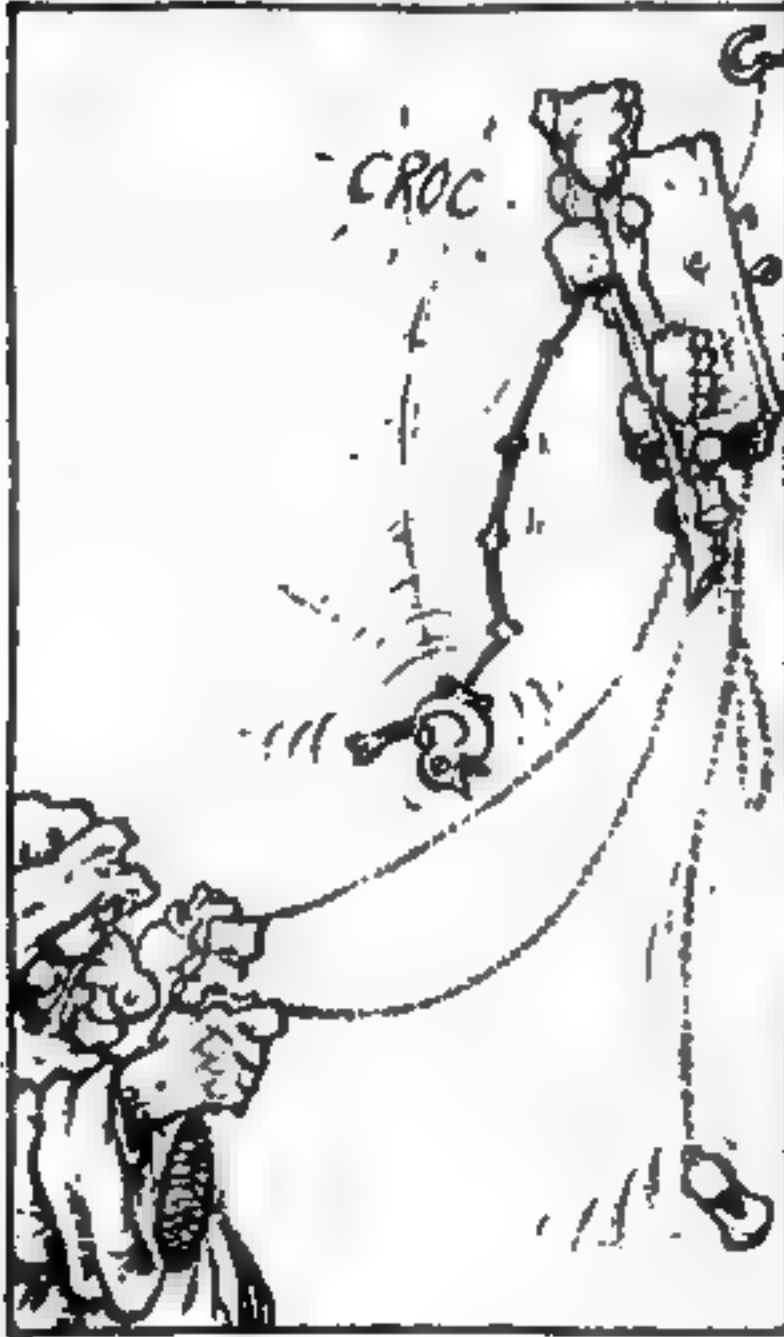
Me. I'm having a wall built to get some  
peace. My mother gave me her house.

(Remember  
to stick a  
shot here)

Me, today.







RAOUL!  
SOMEONE'S AT THE  
DOOR! WAKE UP  
AND SEE WHO  
IT IS!

GRAINING

IT'S OL'  
WOMAN CRI  
AGAIN.  
WHAT TIME  
IS IT?

YOU WANT THE TIME?  
AT THIS TIME? AW,  
SHIT! IT'S... ER,  
5:30 A.M.

IT'S NOT  
RIGHT.

WHADDA YA MEAN,  
IT AIN'T RIGHT?  
I'M SOBER.

IF I SAY IT'S NOT  
RIGHT, IT'S BECAUSE  
IT ISN'T. I KNOW  
WHAT I'M SAYING.

RAOUL!  
WHAT DOES  
SHE WANT?

THE TIME.  
SHE ASKED ME  
FOR THE TIME AND  
THEN SHE SAID IT WASN'T  
RIGHT. WHAT TIME DO  
YA HAVE?

I KNOW  
I'VE LIVED A LONG  
LIFE, BUT I HAVEN'T  
SPENT THE NIGHT  
LOOKING AT PICTURES.  
THEY'RE TRYING  
TO TAKE ME FOR  
A RIDE.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT? COME  
BACK TO  
BED...

I'VE NEVER  
WASTED ANY TIME  
IN MY LIFE. ONLY  
IDIOTS HAVE TIME  
TO WASTE...

TO BED.  
THE NIGHT'S YOUNG.

D'YA SEE WHAT  
TIME IT IS? IT'S  
ALMOST DAWN...

Lelong  
10.85



Coming Next In...

# FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

ISSUE 7

## WATER'S EDGE



A day in the Country introduces Carmen to the Most Depressed Woman in the World. Will she throw herself in the river, or will our beloved Carmen give her the moral support she so desperately craves? Heh, heh, heh...

## THE PICNIC



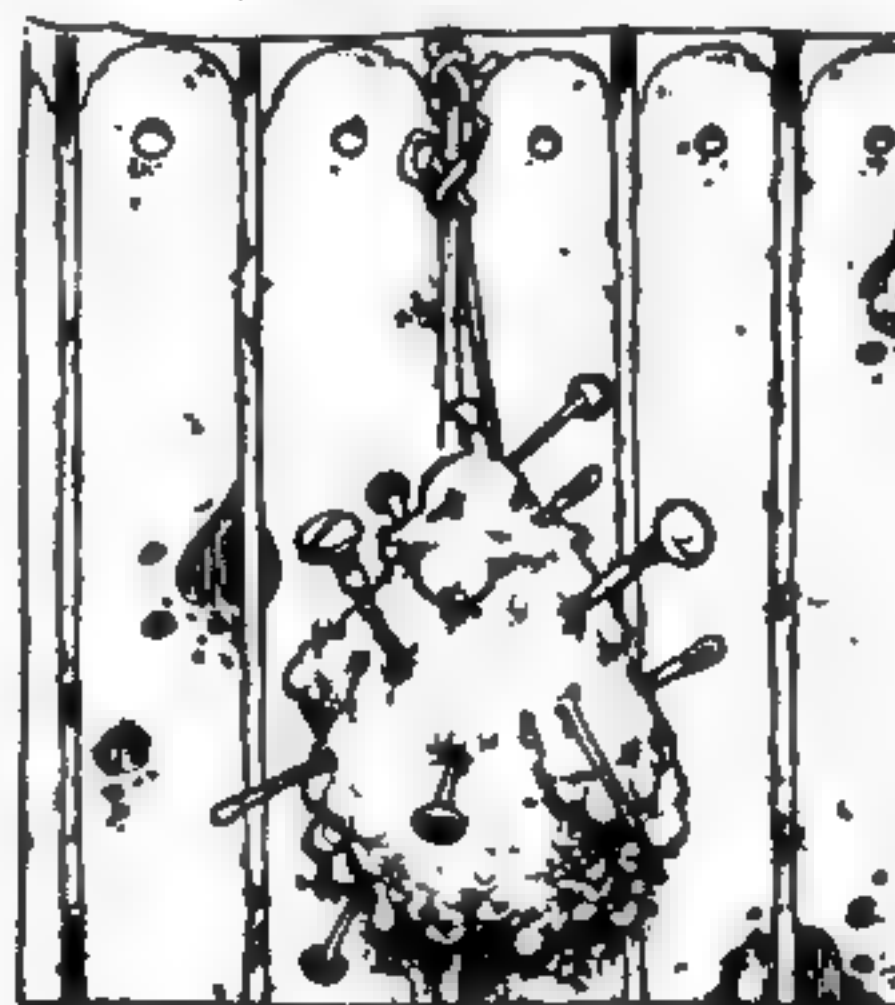
Carmen's Priest, last seen in FRENCH ICE No. 3, returns! The confused cleric now wants to picnic on Carmen's vegetable patch, but Carmen is not easily swayed.



## PORTRAIT OF KADOR WITH GLASSES

And in this issue, as a back-up feature, we introduce our newest sensation, KADOR, the Dog with Einstein's Brain (the problem is that his Master's is more like the Hulk's!).

## THE POWER



Then, it's war as Carmen's Neighbors, more determined than ever to get rid of the old lady, decide to call on the Occult to put an end to the saga of Comidom's Grouchiest Granny.

**French Ice**, the only book that dares to take you under the armpits of society, features five new and exciting adventures of comidom's grandest granny.



Please address your comments to:

# CARMEN'S MAILBOX

RJM Lofficier,

6539 Jamieson Avenue, Reseda, CA., 91335



Dear Jean-Marc & Randy

Lelong is obviously very talented. His sense of character and design work well within the parameters of the strip. However, my immediate impression, upon reading the sample pages you sent, was that the dialogue must have lost a little something in the translation.

All of the humor seems contained within the characters' physical expressions and mannerisms which, as I said, works well, but very little in the overabundance of dialogue. It is a clever political satire but I can't help think the six pages might have been more effective if it were cut down to two or three. It reads a bit like the joke that takes forever to reach the punch line. After such a build-up, you have a tendency to expect a big finale. Perhaps we Americans are too used to the quick one-liners, or the four-panel joke. Maybe we have a shorter attention span when it comes to humor. But then again, I'm generalizing about something I know absolutely nothing about. After all, my opinion is just that, an opinion. And knowing myself like I do, it does seem pretty absurd to assume the rest of American thinks the way I do. I sincerely hope the strip does well, tho. I do think we need more European art brought over here. One can

never have too much of a good thing.

--**Jerry Bingham**

Dear Randy & Jean-Marc:

After waiting several weeks, the first issue of French Ice finally arrived yesterday at my local comic shop. It was a total delight. I cannot thank you enough for bringing this treasure to America.

Long have I suffered the endless supply of super heroes and silly animals, waiting for such a gem. Truth to tell, it would be nice to see French Ice released twice a month instead of every two months. However, I'm quite content to take what I can get.

Hopefully it will receive a large enough readership to be a continued success. That is my greatest fear: that it will be ignored in favor of far lesser material.

If people will just give it a look. Who could fail to find a secret delight in "The Workman and the Old Lady"? Again, my deepest gratitude.

--**Thomas C. Nelson**



A scene from the "Carmen Cru" stage show (excerpted from "The Picnic" published in French Ice #7) directed by and starring Marijo as Carmen Cru. (Photo by Gerard Pericot, all rights reserved).



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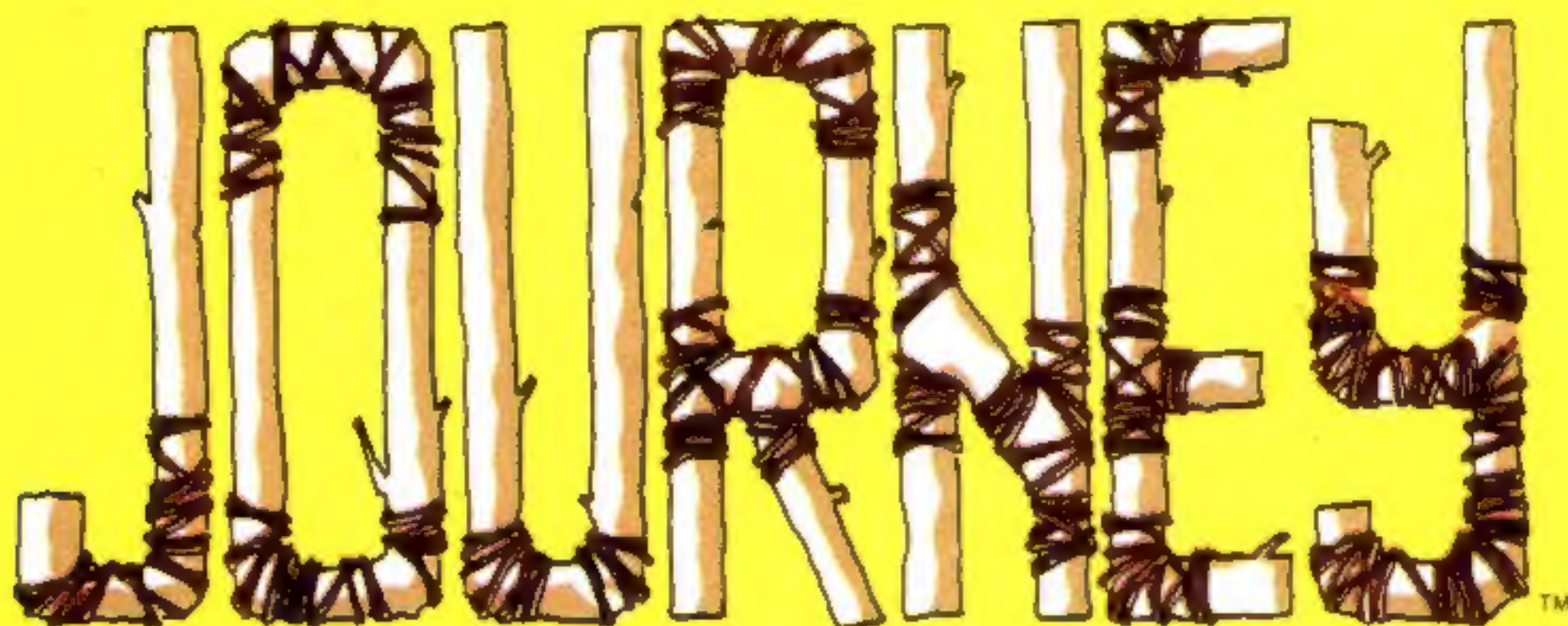
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**...and then there were the Bad Days.**



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